

Employees MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

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EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

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Paris, the City by the Seine

With the eyes and ears of the world centered on a now saddened Paris, for long the gayest and most cosmopolitan city in the world, and long the capital of La Belle France, it seems appropriate to attempt to sketch certain of the many historic incidents and places that have intrigued travellers, artists, poets and novelists, since the coming of the printed word. To tell all that might be said of Paris would require endless research, and many, many pages of print.

Part Two

The most important public building in Paris and the one most visited by tourists is the Palais and Musee du Louvre, best known as The Louvre. This great building which includes all of the historical interest embraced in the Tower of London, Windsor Castle, Kensington Palace and the National Gallery of England, covers an area of sixty acres and is one of the finest buildings in the world. It contains many state departments and a great library, while its long galleries are filled with a world-famous collection of art. Miles of paintings, exquisite sculptures, Greek, Roman and Assyrian antiquities, render it the grandest monument of the ancient royalty of France.

The origin of the name Louvre is uncertain. It is said to have been derived from Louverie, or "wolf resort," located as it is on the site of a hunting chateau, built in 1233 by Phillippe Auguste, better known as King Phillippe II, who quarreled with Richard Couer de Lion of England when they together engaged in a crusade to recover the birthplace of Christ from the infidels. On Phillippe's return from the Holy Land, having lost his hair at the siege of Acre, he began the construction of the Louvre with its four towers and a central keep. More of a prison than a palace in the early days, it was there that the French peers were called together to condemn King John of England for the murder of Prince Arthur, and what was perhaps uppermost in the French mind, to confiscate the lands held by King John in France. In that day England exercised a large measure of sovereignty over France and it will be recalled that Queen Mary I of England, who lost the French possessions held in her reign, said when she was dying on November 17, 1558, that if her body was opened, "you shall find Calis (Calais) lying on my harte."

The Louvre was furnished as a royal residence by King Charles V in 1380, but today no trace of the

original buildings remains. It is said that the Louvre must have been a pleasant place in which to live in the days of Charles V, who laid out the gardens, "planting beds of strawberries and hyssop, and sage and lavender." Charles also brought to France the first clocks seen there, and in the records of his household expenditures there is mention of a payment of twenty francs to the servant "who guards our nightingales of our chaste of the Louvre." The next French king who extended the place was Francois I, the prince of the Renaissance, who met Henry VIII of England in 1520, on the Field of Cloth of Gold and was Henry's rival in the then new field of learning.

It was in the Louvre that Philippe's grandson, King Louis IX, known as St. Louis, and as a scholar, and most capable king, once gave a dramatic exhibition of his sense of justice. One Enguerrand of Coucy, had hanged three boys who had, while trespassing on his lands, shot some rabbits with their bows and arrows. Justice was demanded by the Church, and Enguerrand was arrested and imprisoned in the Louvre. The great man was tried by his peers, some of whom deeply resented the suggestion that a great lord might not hang a poacher. Louis insisted on punishment, and Enguerrand was condemned to pay a heavy fine for the endowment of masses to be said for the souls of his young victims, and in addition, to lose certain of his lordly rights. While there was much that was vile and murderous in the old days, there has ever been found men who believed in justice and mercy. Louis the king was such a man.

Paris the beautiful has been the scene of two dark pages in French history; the first known as the Tragedy of St. Bartholomew or the Massacre of the Huguenots; the second was the Revolution, with its scenes of horror and the merciless beheading of both the innocent and the guilty by guillotine. The mass-

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acre of St. Bartholomew was the result of religious fanaticism, deliberately fanned into murder for political purposes. Charles IX, the second son of Catherine de Medici and king of France, was on the throne. He is said to have been "a puny man, with a crooked neck and a pre-maturely wrinkled face," sensitive, impressionable and melancholy. He loved music and wrote poetry, but he lived in an age of murder and sudden death, and in a place teeming with intrigue. Charles was known as "Charles the Well Intentioned," and also as "Charles the Mad," and he lived in terrified subjection to his mother, a consummate plotter and intriguist. At this time her principal ambition was to marry Charles' sister, Margueritte of Valois, to Henry of Navarre, even though Margueritte was deeply in love with the handsome Henri de Guise. Catherine held firmly to her belief that Protestant Navarre must be joined to Catholic France in order to make the Spanish front safe. Henri de Guise's mother, Jeanne d' Albret, a sternly pious, intellectual woman, came to the Louvre in May, dying in June. The de Medicis were adepts in the use of poison; perhaps the outspoken Protestant woman was murdered, history is vague on that point. Catherine did not like the great Admiral Coligny, leader of the Huguenots who on coming to the Louvre quickly fascinated Charles IX, Catherine's son, and Margueritte of Valois, her daughter.

The Huguenots were a small prosperous Protestant community in France that gave much trouble to the Catholics, the dominant party. Catherine became impatient of Coligny's activities and the plans he was making with Charles her son. The Guises were influential and quarrelsome, and there was her daughter's infatuation for Henri de Guise to think about, so Catherine decided that the Huguenots must be broken. We will let Sidney Dark tell the story of St. Bartholomew:

"Meanwhile Paris was filling for the marriage of Margueritte and Henri, Huguenots and followers of Duc de Guise pouring into the city, while shopkeepers shut up their shops, and sober citizens anticipated

trouble. The marriage took place on August 18, 1572, Margueritte kneeling at the nuptial mass in Notre-Dame while her Protestant husband paced up and down with Coligny in the courtyard. On the 22nd, Coligny was fired at and wounded, King Charles was furiously indignant, and the Huguenots, believing in his power to protect them, grew more confident and assured. Then in the streets of Paris and in the passages of the Louvre there were whispers of a great Protestant conspiracy against the lives of the Queen Mother and her sons. There was probably little enough in these rumors, but they served Catherine's purpose. She reported the rumors to the king, assuring him that his life was in danger, that Coligny was a traitor, that he must either kill the Protestants or they would kill him, and at last she had her way. The kingly king disappeared, and the mad king appeared with foam on his mouth shouting, 'You have willed it, well then, kill them all, kill them all.'"

Catherine had prepared and she quietly awaited events at the hour of her *coucher*, with her two daughters sitting on a coffer, pale faced and terrified, and occasionally bursting into tears—and then the bells of St. Germain l' Auxerrois sounded, and the massacre began. Two thousand Huguenots, Coligny among them, were done to death, a fearful enough total. from the windows of the Louvre the Queen Mother and her ladies watched the killing with eager interest, but the queen, a gentle pious Catholic, knelt in prayer for her husband who had been compelled into crime. "My God, I entreat, I demand of thee that thou wilt mercifully forgive him, for if thou hast not pity upon him I fear that this sin will be pardoned by none else!" Charles died three years after the massacre. His last words were; "I rejoice that I leave no male child to wear the crown after me."

The bells of St. Germain l' Auxerrois, yet the finest bells in Paris, which were always tolled for royal funerals, gave the signal for the massacre. Proximity to the Louvre and the Tuileries, of which we will say more later, made St. Germain's the church of the French kings and queens. Marie Antoinette, the queen wife of Louis XVI, attended mass regularly at St. Germain's, where her *prie-dieu* may still be seen. and it was a priest from the church "a constitutional priest in lay dress," who accompanied her, a sorrowed, discrowned widow of thirty-eight, from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Revolution and the guillotine. In the old days the Church was inextricably bound up with government that was more often corrupt than just, and "the sweetest bells in Christendom" too often were made to sound the signal of death as was the case on that bitterly dark evening of August 24, 1752.

Henri of Navarre, King Henri IV, who going into battle once said to his knights "Follow my white plume, you will see it somewhere along the road to victory," set his hand to the rebuilding of Paris, greatly adding to the Louvre, building the gallery which joined it to the Tuileries, and Cardinal Richelieu, in many ways the heir of Henry IV added to



The Louvre



The Angelus by Millet
Louvre Collection

the Louvre, and it was there that the great Cardinal intrigued against Anne of Austria.

It was in the Louvre that Louis XIII received d'Artagnan and the three musketeers, the gigantic Porthos, the clever Aramis, and the melancholy Athos, who united to defend the honor of Anne of Austria against Richelieu, and who were made famous by Alexander Dumas in his "cloak and sword" romance, *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, their cry of "All for one, one for all" known to the reading world. Colbert the Minister for Louis XIV, who invented the theory of a protective tariff, carried on the ambitious plans of Henry IV and Richelieu, but on the death of Louis XIV, the Louvre ceased to be a royal residence. Louis XIV disliked living in Paris and so he built the palace of Versailles, which Hilare Belloc once said was destined to be the graveyard of French monarchy. Other extensions were made to the Louvre from time to time, and after the revolution of 1792 the National Convention decided to make of the historic building a National Museum. In 1794, the *Petite Galerie* was used as a bourse, and the art treasures stolen by Napoleon in his campaign in Italy were installed in the galleries of the Louvre where they remain today.

The most talked of painting in the collection and the world, is perhaps the "Mona Lisa," (La Joconde), bought by King Francois I from Leonardo de Vinci, the great Italian artist, for the equivalent of \$100,000 of our money, a tremendous sum in that day. The Mona wears a mystical and inscrutable smile that has intrigued lovers of fine paintings for generations. There are other great masterpieces that

the art-loving world revels in, the masterpieces of Raphael, Titian, Velasque, Veronese, Botticelli, Murillo, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Corot, and others, treasures that bring a continuing stream of those who love beauty, to the gates of the now saddened and weeping woman, Paris the Beautiful.

This Sunday afternoon the radio brought to America and the world, a reminder that the Bastille fell on July 14, 1789, just one hundred and fifty-one years ago. The Bastille, formerly the state prison and citadel of Paris, was built to protect the palace of Charles V from the Burgundians, and was destroyed by the mob in the beginning of the revolution in 1789, after an existence of more than four centuries. It was founded by Hugues d' Aubriot in 1369, and was completed by the addition of four towers in 1383. The attack on the Bastille, preceded the revolution, but the act itself was merely symptomatic of a deeper and underlying unrest affecting the populace. There was in vogue in the seventeenth century what was known as *Lettres de cachet*, a sealed or secret letter, usually containing orders for the arrest or imprisonment of the person concerned. These letters were issued in the name of the king, but the names of the individuals were inserted by the ministers who were the depositaries of these letters. When a father or other relation with sufficient influence sought to punish a member of their own family who had in some way offended, the individual was sent to the Bastille without trial or publicity, to be released only when the head of the family expressed a wish for same. Such was the beginning of the practice which was soon extended to

those who offended in any way the ministers holding the blank *Lettres*, and in many cases the victim was forgotten, remaining in prison thirty or forty years, or until his death.

On the fateful day of July 14, 1789, the Bastille was surrounded by a tumultuous, frenzied mob, who demanded admission and the release of the prisoners. The garrison commanded by Delaunay, though provided with guns, were too few in number to repulse the mob. Delaunay refused to lower the drawbridge to let the mob enter and the attack began. Thomas Carlyle in his "The French Revolution," describes the attack in incomparable language:

"On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in your bodies. Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphine; smite at the Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or fellow; did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it man; down with it to Orcus; let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guardroom, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemere (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact—Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its back towards us: the Bastille is still to take."

Indicative of the futility of mob action, when entrance was finally gained to the inner cells of the prison, but seven prisoners were found therein, but the frenzied mob while sparing the common soldiers, slew Delaunay and his officers, carrying their heads through the streets impaled on pikes. The work of tearing down the Bastille began the next day and a bronze column, The Column of July, was erected on the site of the old prison after the revolution of July, 1830, and in commemoration of it. Beginning one hundred and fifty years ago the populace established the celebration of the Fall of the Bastille, dancing and singing on the spot where human misery once held sway, but today, July 14, 1940, the once gay, insouciant Paris, neither danced or sang, the Tricolor of France at half mast, while the *Swastika* of the conqueror flapped defiantly from the highest flag staff in Paris.

One of the most beautiful gardens in the world is the *Jardin des Tuileries*, in the City of Paris. This fine promenade, like the Garden of Versailles, was laid out by Le Notre, under Catherine de Medici, in 1564. Toward the end of the sixteenth century the Tuileries came to be the meeting place of the polite world, and today the trees, shrubs and numerous statues breathe a subtle suggestion of that certain Parisian life that is unlike the life of any other city in the world. There are many ghosts hovering over the Tuileries, the one that most frequently comes to mind that of a flaxen haired boy, who in 1790 and 1791 was often seen walking with his mother, Marie Antoinette, or playing with his father, King Louis XVI, in the garden, both of whom died but shortly thereafter under the guillotine.

This child, known to history as the Dauphin, was



The Gleaners by Millet
Louvre Collection

the second son of Louis XVI and his wife, Marie Antoinette, and was born at Versailles on March 27, 1785, and first given the title of Duke of Normandy; he became Dauphin on the death of his elder brother on June 4, 1789. In October, 1789, Louis XVI was removed against his will from Versailles to the Tuileries Palace adjoining the present beautiful garden, the palace, however, for years previously uninhabited and sadly neglected. The royal family remained at the Tuileries for forty-one months, guarded by Lafayette; months of unrest and uncertainty, for a revolution was breeding in France. In 1792 the King and Queen were removed from the Tuileries and they, with their two children, the Dauphin, aged seven, and a sister, aged four, were imprisoned in the Temple. Louis XVI was executed on January 21, 1793, and on October 16, following, the Queen was also led to the guillotine. The fate of the Dauphin after two hundred and fifty years yet remains a mystery. Before the death of Louis XVI and Marie, royalists declared the Dauphin King of France, as King Louis XVII, the Comte de Provence declaring himself regent for the boy King, then but eight years of age. On July 3, 1793, the child was given into the charge of Simon, a cobbler, who had been named as his guardian by the Committee of General Safety, a product of the Revolutionary Party. The story of the child's whereabouts after being placed in the home of the obscure mender of shoes is a mysterious one, in any case he disappeared, doubtless dying from disease and neglect, or what is equally probable, at the hands of a murderer. The beauty of the Tuileries, with its shaded walks, beautiful statues and its gay porterres, will forever be associated with a flaxen haired child of tender years.

After the 10th day of August, 1792, when the revolutionary mob stormed the Palace of the Tuileries, massacring the Swiss Guard, whom Carlyle spoke of as "Staunch mercenaries to a king who was not their own," the palace became the seat of the Revolutionary Government. In June, 1794, the Tuileries Gardens were jammed with citizens and their families in holiday dress, for the common man was now the equal of his king. Then Robespierre, in "sky-blue coat and black breeches," led the members of the Convention from their hall into the Garden, where he applied a torch to a pyre on which was a painted figure representing Atheism. Two years passed and Robespierre had followed the King and Queen into the unknown by way of the guillotine, and again the Paris crowds surged around the Tuileries. The Revolution had become unpopular and a strong man was wanted. Driven from the Tuileries, the mob made their last stand on the steps of the Church of St. Roch to be dispersed, in the words of Thomas Carlyle, by a "whiff of grape-shot."

The French Revolution with all its bestial brutality, when thousands died under the guillotine, and maddened men and women dipped up and drank



*The Eiffel Tower from the River
From a photograph*

from the flood of human blood that ran in the streets, saw its end near the Garden of the Tuileries, and on the steps of a House of God. With the end of the Revolution there came upon the scene one who was to be known as a "Man of Destiny," Napoleon Bonaparte, his beginning in front of the Church of Rt. Roch, his end on the Island of St. Helena, a prisoner of the England which he sought to conquer. We will let Carlyle, master of the English language, writer of portraits "dashed with blood and fire," tell of Napoleon's beginning:

"... that little bronze-complexioned Artillery-Officer of Toulon, home from the Italian Wars! Grim enough; of lean, almost cruel aspect: for he has been in trouble, in ill health; also in ill favor, as a man promoted, deservingly or not, by the Terrorists and Robespierre Junior. But does not Barras know him? Will not Barras speak a word for him? Yes,—if at any time it will serve Barras so to do. Somewhat forlorn of fortune, for the present, stands the Artillery-Officer; looks, with those deep earnest eyes of his, into a future as waste as the most Taciturn; yet with the strangest utterances in him, if you awaken him, which smite home, like light or lightning;—on the whole, rather dangerous? A 'dissocial' man? Dissocial enough; a natural terror and horror to all Phantasms, being himself of the genus Reality! He stands here, without work or outlook, in this forsaken manner;—glances nevertheless, it would seem, at the kind glance of Josephine Beauharnais; and, for the rest, with severe countenance, with open eyes, and closed lips, waits what will betide."

And then, in the dour Scot's words, the "Whiff of grape-shot."

"Lepelletier had seized the Church of Saint Roch; has seized the Pont-Neuf, our picket there retreating without fire. Stray shots fall from Lepelletier; rattle down on the very Tuileries staircase. On the other hand women advance disheveled, shrieking 'Peace;' Lepelletier behind them waving his hat that we



*Broken Jug by Greuze
Louvre Collection*

shall fraternize. Steady! the Artillery-officer is as steady as bronze; can, if need were, be quick as lightning. He sends 800 muskets with ball-cartridges to the Convention itself; honorable members shall act with these in case of extremity; whereat they look grave enough. Four of the afternoon is struck (5th of October, 1795). Lepelletier, making nothing by messengers, by hat-waving, bursts out along the Southern Quai Voltaire, along streets and passages, treble-quick, in huge veritable onslaught! Whereupon, thou bronze Artillery-Officer—? 'Fire' say the bronze lips. And roar and thunder, roar and again roar, continual, volcano-like, goes his great gun, in the cul-de-sac Dauphin against the Church of Saint Roch; go all his great guns—blow to air some 200 men, mainly about the Church of Saint Roch! Lepelletier cannot stand such horse play, no Sectioner can stand it; the 40,000 yield on all sides, scour toward covert. 'Some hundred or so of them gathered about the Theatre-de-la-Republique,' but, says he, 'a few shells dislodged them.' It was all finished at six. The thing we specifically call *French Revolution* is blown into space by it, and becomes a thing that was!"

Four years pass, the Directory has run its course, Napoleon, now a conqueror and backed by the

Army, called together certain members of the Council of Ancients at the Tuileries. Next morning the Consulate was proclaimed in the Palace of St. Cloud. Two days more and the title *Citoyenne* was dropped and Josephine was addressed as Madam. The day that Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor he held his first Imperial Levee at the Tuileries and Pope Pius VII, who was once compelled to step out of his carriage into the mud to transfer to a secondary seat in the Emperor's carriage on the road from Fontainebleau to Paris, was given apartments in the Temple of Flora, in the Tuileries, when he came to crown Napoleon at Notre Dame—there to have the crown snatched from his hands by Napoleon, who placed it on his own head. When France fell to her conquerors in 1871, the Palace was destroyed by fire, and the blackened ruins stood an eyesore until in November, 1882, they were sold at auction, the grounds of the Palace that was the scene of much memorable history was transformed into gardens, lawns, and a site for the work of modern sculptors. A military band played near the central walk, until France and the City by the Seine saw its last humiliation.

The Rue Royale, leading down from La Madeleine to the River Seine, divides at the end of the Jardin des Tuileries, to form the one spot in all Christendom where the maximum of human blood was spilled within a relatively small space, the Place de la Concorde. Standing on the steps of La Madeleine one looks across this historical place to the Chambre des Deputes. A church at the top of the hill and a Parliament house at the bottom. The church, pagan in its origin, looks down on the scene of more human suffering than occurred on any other small spot in the world. Originally a waste ground, it was reclaimed in 1748, after the peace of Aux la Chapelle, and a statue of Louis XV was erected there in 1763 by the Municipal Council of Paris. On the 30th of May, 1770, at a display of fireworks to celebrate the marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI, to Marie Antoinette, a panic occurred from some unexplained cause, and 1,200 were crushed to death or suffocated, and 2,000 were seriously injured. During the Reign of Terror in 1793 the guillotine was erected in the Place de la Revolution, now the Place de la Concorde, on the spot where the Obelisk now stands. Louis XVI and his Queen, were the first victims, and between January, 1793, and May, 1795, upwards of 2,000 persons were decapitated here. In October, 1795, the square was named Place de la Concorde. It was afterwards renamed Place Louis XV, and in 1826, Place Louis XVI. In 1830 its original name, Place de la Concorde, was restored and the Obelisk of Luxor, given to Louis Philippe in 1831, was erected in its present location. Foreign armies have been encamped on the "Place" three times before the mechanized armies of Hitler entered it in June, 1940. The Allied armies of England and Prussia encamped there in

1814, a portion of the British army under Wellington in 1815, and the Prussian army in 1871, after the capitulation of Paris.

The guillotine was first set up in Paris and the world in 1793, its inventor a physician, Joseph Ignace Guillotin, who was a teacher in the Jesuit College at Bordeaux. This man in his zeal for democratic rights demanded of the Constitutional Assembly that "in all cases of capital punishment it shall be of the same kind—that is decapitation—and that it shall be executed by means of a machine." Coming before the invention of the Cotton Gin, perhaps La Guillotine was the beginning of the machine age. Under the old regime only those of nobler birth had the right to have their heads cut off. For those of lowly estate there was the scaffold and the hangman's noose. All men were to be made equal in the Republic, both in life and death. The first guillotine was constructed under the direction of the Secretary of the Academy of Surgeons, and before it was used for the hated aristocrats, an experiment was made in the Place de Greve with a highwayman as a subject. The first royal victim of this "mass production" instrument as we have said was the harmless, futile, Louis XVI, to be followed by his Queen, Marie Antoinette, guilty of nothing but of "being beautiful and frivolous and a queen." Other great revolutionary figures laid their heads on the block under the high poised knife, two more women, Charlotte Corday and Madam Roland, the last "a type of the sententious doctrinaire who contrives revolutions, always to be destroyed by them." When the sun was going down in the evening of April 5, 1794, Danton, who is referred to as the "outstanding, splendid, masculine figure of the French Revolution," rode in a tumbril from the prison of the Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution, as the Place de la Concorde was then called, his cart passing the house from which his enemy and arch-nemesis, Robespierre, looked out from behind a closed shutter. Danton, massive, unafraid, buoying up the courage of his friends, taunting his enemy in satiric song, and at the end, the last to die, thinking of his wife and muttering to himself "I shall never see her again." No weakness! Rarely in the whole history of the world have men witnessed so magnificent a passing into the unseen—a great figure, certain of himself, arrogant with justification, "I am Danton, not unknown among the revolutionaries. I shall be living nowhere soon, but you will find my name in Valhalla!" Less than four months later Robespierre, with his broken jaw done up in dirty linen cloth, is jostled along the Rue St. Honore on the same journey as his great enemy. Across the Place de la Concorde, so often drenched with human blood for the cause of "Liberty and Equality," there rode in 1918 an austere professor from the United States of America, who led his country into war, intent on making the world safe for democracy, and only twenty-two years later

France lies suppliant at the feet of the foe she vanquished in 1914-1918.

A magnet that forever attracts visitors to Paris is the Hotel des Invalides, founded in 1670 by Louis XIV for physically incompetent veterans. This great structure covers an area of thirty-one acres, the facade facing the Seine six-hundred feet in width. Originally intended to receive five thousand pensioners, several parts of the building have been assigned to other purposes, and in recent years it only contained two hundred beds. The west wing contains a most interesting Museum of Artillery (including a Gallery of Armour), and the east wing a curious Museum of the Army, Napoleon's charger "Vizir" skillfully preserved (stuffed) is to be found there. Here also was installed on December 21, 1922, one of the twelve hundred Paris taxi-cabs which transported General Manoury's 7th Division to the battlefield of the Marne on September 7, 1914. An integral part of the Invalides is the Church of the Invalides; an edifice divided into two parts, the church has only a passing interest. There, is, however, interred therein the ashes of Rouget de l'Isle, the composer of La Marseillaise, which were transferred from Choisy le Roi, where he died on July 15, 1915. The dome of the Invalides consists of a square pile surmounted by a circular



Mona Lisa (La Jaconde)
by Leonardo de Vinci
Louvre Collection

*The Tuileries*

tower, with twelve windows. Directly underneath the center of the dome is a circular crypt, thirty-six feet in diameter and twenty feet deep. The walls are of polished granite, adorned with marble reliefs, the effect of which is enhanced by the flood of light admitted through the twelve stained glass windows. The mosaic pavement at the bottom represents a wreath of laurels, and from it rises the sarcophagus in which rests the ashes of Napoleon I, known to the world as the "Little Corporal." We recall looking down into the crypt where rests all that is mortal of the man who, born on the little island of Corsica, once made all Europe tremble, and who yet occupies quite the same place in the affections of the French people that the winsome Mary, Queen of the Scots, does with people of Scottish blood. When the evening light filters down through the colored glass on the massive sarcophagus, the mosaic pavement seems to disappear and the tomb has the appearance of floating in a sea of gold and blue. Over the entrance to the crypt are inscribed the words contained in a codicil to the Emperor's will:

"Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur
les bords de la Seine,

Au milieu de ce peuple francais que
j'ai tant aime."

in substance, "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well." In the Napoleon Chapel is the velvet pall which covered the Emperor's coffin when the body was returned to France in 1840, together with the three great sandstone slabs that covered Napoleon's grave at St. Helena.

It is not our purpose to go outside Paris with these fragmentary sketches of the City by the Seine, but a few words about the man of destiny may not be amiss. In all ages men of Napoleonic stature have risen, to shine resplendent for a time, there-

after to sink as does the setting sun. With some the sunset's golden glow lingers for years or for centuries, for others darkness comes quickly. Napoleon was a glamorous character, but doubtless the lingering quality of his fame is due in part to the romantic sentimentalism of the French people. Napoleon at St. Helena is perhaps the most pathetic figure in history, but he never lost his dignity in his misfortune. He once wrote of himself: "We remain the martyrs of an immortal cause, millions of men weep for us, the fatherland sighs, and Glory is in mourning. * * * If I had died on the throne amidst the clouds of my omnipotence, I should have remained a problem for many men; today, thanks to misfortune, they can judge of me naked as I am." An American historian, writing of Napoleon in 1846, summed up the character of the man who was commissioned a junior lieutenant at sixteen, to rise through sheer genius to an altitudinous height of power and insolence, in such degree that led to his flouting a Pope of Rome at his own coronation as Emperor of France, to die at last on a rocky isle, the prisoner of the nation from whom he suffered defeat—whose only care was to keep the peace of Europe.

"Napoleon, according to Bonnechose, held human nature in contempt; most men were in his eyes no more than ciphers, whose value was represented by the services he could cause them to render. He loved war as a professed gambler loves the game in which his skill is pre-eminent. Like the gambler, too, he risked every day the gain of yesterday, and had himself to reproach for almost all his disasters. The restoration of order in France and innumerable useful creations of his genius constitute his true titles to glory; but the comparison of the good which he did with that which he might have done, had he been governed by none but moral and patriotic views, must ever weigh upon his memory as a subject of heavy reproach. His ambition twice laid his country open to the invasion of foreign arms; and the calamities by which those invasions were followed, and the blood of two millions of men shed in innumerable combats during his reign, have taught France how heavy

*Versailles*

a price the glory of a conqueror costs. Let us, however, hope that she may not have suffered so deeply without some future benefit, being derived to humanity therefrom. Napoleon, in the course of his triumphant march throughout the nations of Europe, at the head of kings and princes and powerful chiefs, all sprung from the ranks of the people, scattered wherever he passed certain notions of equal rights, which have in our day become the basis of political freedom; and, in his double catastrophe, by twice drawing into France the armies of combined Europe, he introduced the most distant nations to a higher civilization, which will doubtless hereafter establish new links of connection between them and his countrymen, and be the remote means of effecting a greater harmony between the social institutions of all. Such was the spell of this marvellous man, that, at the distance of eighteen hundred leagues from Europe, he still filled it with the echoes of his name. His great image loomed afar, from his solitary rock in the ocean, an object of terror to some and of hope to others. His death hurried some of these latter into rash and desperate enterprises, whilst in delivering their adversaries from a salutary fear, it left them at liberty to abandon themselves with less of prudence and reserve to their reactionary and disastrous inclinations."

Thackeray has written a history of Napoleon's return, to which he was an eye witness, in which he tells that the body was brought up the Seine to Courbevoise, from whence it was carried by road to

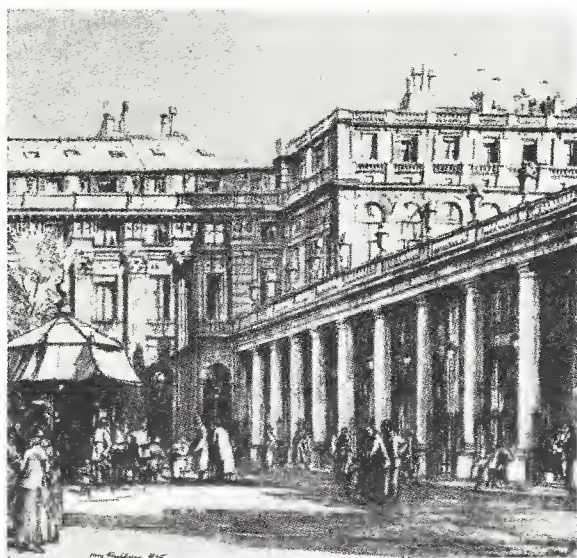
Paris, through the Arc de Triomphe, down the Champs Elysees, across the Place de la Concorde to the Invalides. The day was December 15, 1840, nearly a century gone, with the temperature eight degrees below the freezing point, and yet there were, it is estimated, a million people in the streets keeping themselves warm with hand-warmers and foot-stoves, chanting as the cortege passed, a song, *Premier Capitaine du Monde*. For days the body lay in state, guarded by veterans of the Imperial Army. On either side of the entrance to the tomb there was later interred the bodies of two of the Emperor's most faithful servants, Duroc and Bertrand, sharing in a lesser way the immortality of the "Little Corporal."

With all gaiety gone from Paris, the Beautiful, one can only think of the shadowy wraiths of the thousands of France's great, who once went their several ways along her historic streets, a galaxy of genius unparalleled. We have mentioned Louis XVI and his lovely Queen, Marie Antoinette, Danton, Robespierre, Charlotte Corday and Madam Roland, who died under the axe. There was Madame de Stael, a woman who died at fifty-one, who lived in almost constant association with the flower of French genius and culture. There, too, was de Stael's opposite, Madame Deforge, who held a front seat knitting socks in front of La Guillotine during the Revolution, counting the heads as they fell into the basket, and somewhat later was Marie de Medicis, who was with Napoleon the creator of the Champs Elysees.

At number nine Avenue d'Autin, now Avenue Victor Emanuel, lived Marguerite Gauthier, "La



*Napoleon on Retreat from Moscow in 1841 by Meissonnier
Louvre Collection*



The Palais Royal

Dame Aux Camelias." Alphonsine Plessis was the real name of the woman, a courtesan, whom Alexander Dumas put into the play that won fame for Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanor Duse, world famous actresses. La Pompadour, a beautiful woman "of greed and brains," who dominated Louis XV and whom Voltaire satirically called la Pompadourette, though she died in Versailles, was interred in the vault of the Church of the Capucines on the site of the Place Vendome in Paris. A veritable army of women of questionable morals, with beauty and sometimes genius, fill the pages of French history. Recamier, who lived to the ripe age of seventy-two, was one of the great intellectual beauties of her century, and there lived and went her questionable way, another woman whose name is now used to indicate a type of woman's necklace, Madame La Valliere. In 1855 Queen Victoria of England, "swathed in English respectability," accompanied by her consort Prince Albert, paid a return visit to Napoleon III and Eugenie, his wife, and so the throng moves across the stage to end at last either in oblivion or to find a place in history.

(Conclusion)

Run of the Mine

Canada at War

SOME three weeks ago we ran up into Canada on a special mission, finding Canada busy enlisting and training men for war service in Great Britain. On the streets, in the stations and on the trains, one can see young soldiers quietly and grimly going about their tasks, soldiers in khaki, air

force men in dark blue—no bands, no excitement, just preparing and going overseas.

At Belleville, Ontario, we rode in a cab with a motherly looking woman, a widow, who said her husband served three years in Great War No. One, the eldest born now flying with the R.A.F. in England, her second son taking flying training in Canada, and the third, rather young, taking ground training. This lady was devoid of war hysteria, she did not even mention the enemy to me, merely saying that her boys, like their father, were doing what they thought was their duty.

There is no flag-waving in Canada, but everyone seems to feel that there is a job to do over there if a greater one is to be avoided at home later on. Taxes are high, an American dollar brings \$1.10 in Canadian currency, and that of course makes buying in the States more expensive. If a Canadian leaves for the States he must obtain a permit to take any sum of money in excess of \$20.00 out with him, and he must show cause to get the permit. Canada is passing up pleasure to buy war equipment and the government has little patience with slackers. Early in August the Mayor of the City of Montreal, a subversive politician, was interned for the duration of the war. To date three Divisions of Canadian troops are in active service in Great Britain, with more going over daily.

Leaving Chicago on our return from Belleville, Ontario, we found a young woman refugee from London going out to live with her husband's relatives in Oakland, California. This young mother, attractive, educated and cultured, had with her her son, four and one-half years old, and a daughter, two and one-half years old. She was Australian born, living in London from her fourth year, sailing from England, July 31st, reaching her destination August 13th, or nearly fourteen days continuous travelling. Her transportation was all provided for her, but she was only allowed to take out ten pounds, or about \$40.00 in American money, to defray her travelling expenses, her husband sending her out of the country immediately after he was called into service.

In answer to our questions, she said London was a perfect maze of bomb shelters, barbed wire and other street obstructions and entanglements, with the important buildings, including churches, protected with piles of sand-bags. What rather amazed us was, in an hour's conversation after her children had been put to bed, she spoke dispassionately of the whole situation, expressing abiding confidence in Britain's ultimate success, at no time saying an unkind word regarding her country's enemies. It is this attitude of mind that makes the British people strong in an emergency.

Dr. F. W. Clayton

THE many Wyoming friends of Dr. F. W. Clayton who has visited and spoken at Rock Springs on several occasions, will be sorry to learn that he was seriously injured in an automobile accident twenty miles from Belleville, Ontario, on August 5th, while driving from Toronto to Montreal.

Dr. Clayton received a bad fracture of his right leg, which will keep him in the Belleville General Hospital until the last part of September, with some further weeks of convalescence when he returns to Omaha. The highways are taking a steady and rather frightful toll.

A Twelve-Million Dollar Book

WE HAVE before us a very substantial volume, 8 x 11 inches in size and two inches in thickness, the number of pages unknown but sufficient. This volume bound in blue paper is a reproduction of the schedules of minimum coal prices as established under the Bituminous Coal Act of 1937, known as the Guffey Act, which prices were first made effective Sept. 3rd and since postponed until Oct. 1, 1940. What will happen October 1st is yet hard to say.

This voluminous volume carries perhaps hundreds of thousands of prices and is so complex as to foreclose all hope that any one man or collection of men, can ever reconcile the extraordinary variations in coal prices set up therein. The preparation of this book cost the coal operators of the United States infinitely more money than was expended on Blackstone's Commentaries, King James version of the Bible and Webster's Dictionary, all books of extraordinary value, this book destined to go the way of the thousands of tons of other similar printed matter gotten out by the Federal government in the last few years.

The Oldest Active Mine Worker

The "United Mine Workers Journal", issue of August 1, carries the story, with a picture, of Mr. Marion W. Cox, an employe of the Kathleen Mine of the Union Colliery Company at Dowell, Illinois. Mr. Cox, now eighty-one, has worked in and about coal mines for sixty-eight years—and safely.

Having built the Kathleen Mine in 1917-18, naming it after a daughter, we still have a deep interest in all that pertains to its activities. We compliment Mr. Cox on having dodged falling roof and coal, motor trips, and the many other hazards that are major elements in the life of the coal mine worker, to the ripe age of eighty-one.

England Will Win In The End

MR. JAMES B. RESTON, recently said in the New York Times magazine, that on the night the Allies abandoned Southern Norway, he stopped to buy a newspaper from an old man in Fleet Street.

"Well how does it look tonight?" he asked. "I don't know sir," he replied, "I never read the papers because I know we'll win in the end."

And that is England, Aye! and Scotland and Wales.

Today thousands of Americans are asking each other in whispered tones, "Will Britain win?" The trouble with this class of person is that they reason wholly from a material standpoint. They think wholly in numbers of aircraft and anti-aircraft guns, of food supplies and money, but they do not properly evaluate British courage, their dogged tenacity, the will to sacrifice—and their abiding belief in God.

In 1594, Shakespeare wrote in his King Richard II, Act 2, Scene 1:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England."

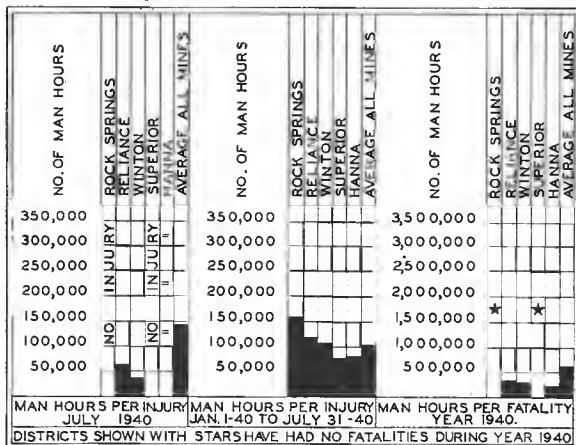
Let us not forget that England has not been successfully assaulted since the days of William The Conqueror in 1066, and that her people will continue to defend her "against infection and the hand of war," in 1940, as her great poet prophesied 346 years ago. She will "win in the end" as was said by the old newsboy on Fleet Street.

Opened in 1869, the Suez Canal was pronounced, "a dirty, stagnant ditch," by one of Great Britain's Prime Ministers. Lord Disraeli heard at dinner one night that the Khedive of Egypt's block of stock was for sale due to financial embarrassment of that official and, without procuring Parliamentary authority to purchase, visited Banker Rothschilds, borrowed 20 million dollars, concluding the purchase of the canal stock in England's name, that country now the largest single stockholder.

Incidentally, the United States is in complete ownership and control of the Panama Canal.

Make It Safe

July Accident Graph



SLOWLY but surely the center graph is improving, and such improvement, if continued, gives hope that we may equal last year's performance by the close of the year, at least in the frequency rate.

We are, however, confronted by a serious problem, namely, that of stopping the increasing number of haulage accidents. This is not an impossible task if all haulage men and supervisors take it upon themselves to do it. It does, however, need the cooperation of all. The failure of one man to do his job safely may mean injury not only to himself but to others working with him.

We should not miss the opportunity to educate ourselves. It is through education that we hope to produce "Greater Safety." All of our education does not come from books but is the result of studying our work and educating ourselves to our job. When we all do this we will not have difficulty in having "No Accident" months. We will be much more free of accidents.

LOST-TIME INJURIES AND MAN HOURS BY MINES

Place	JULY, 1940 Man Hours	Injuries	Per Injury Man Hours
Rock Springs No. 4.....	20,111	0	No Injury
Rock Springs No. 8.....	30,450	0	No Injury
Rock Springs Outside....	16,744	0	No Injury
Total.....	67,305	0	No Injury
Reliance No. 1.....	28,420	1	28,420
Reliance No. 7.....	25,949	0	No Injury
Reliance Outside.....	11,326	0	No Injury
Total.....	65,695	1	65,695

Winton No. 1.....	15,855	1	15,855
Winton Nos. 3 & 7½			
Seams, No. 7½ Mine	18,795	0	No Injury
Winton Outside.....	8,683	0	No Injury
Total.....	43,333	1	43,333
Superior "C".....	18,340	0	No Injury
Superior "D".....	17,920	0	No Injury
Superior D. O. Clark...	30,534	0	No Injury
Superior Outside.....	14,689	0	No Injury
Total.....	81,483	0	No Injury
Hanna No. 4.....	22,974	0	No Injury
Hanna Outside.....	13,112	0	No Injury
Total.....	36,086	0	No Injury
All Districts, 1940.....	293,902	2	146,951
All Districts, 1939.....	274,021	4	68,505

LOST-TIME INJURIES AND MAN HOURS BY MINES

PERIOD JANUARY 1 TO JULY 31, 1940

Place	Man Hours	Injuries	Per Injury Man Hours
Rock Springs No. 4....	148,904	0	No Injury
Rock Springs No. 8....	231,147	3	77,049
Rock Springs Outside...	111,141	0	No Injury
Total.....	491,192	3	163,731
Reliance No. 1.....	168,441	2	84,221
Reliance No. 7.....	137,221	1	137,221
Reliance Outside.....	66,304	0	No Injury
Total.....	371,966	3	123,989
Winton No. 1.....	124,901	1	124,901
Winton Nos. 3 & 7½			
Seams, No. 7½ Mine	144,949	2	72,475
Winton Outside.....	62,170	0	No Injury
Total.....	332,020	3	110,673
Superior "C".....	104,398	2	52,199
Superior "D".....	98,833	0	No Injury
Superior D. O. Clark...	188,713	4	47,178
Superior Outside.....	93,061	0	No Injury
Total.....	485,005	6	80,834
Hanna No. 4.....	169,848	3	56,616
Hanna Outside.....	87,630	0	No Injury
Total.....	257,478	3	85,826
All Districts, 1940..	1,937,661	18	107,648
All Districts, 1939...	1,807,428	15	120,495

Sentinels of Safety Trophy to be Presented Saturday, Sept. 7, 1940

*Mr. Cadwallader Evans, Jr., Vice President & General Manager
of The Hudson Coal Company, Scranton, Pennsylvania,
making the presentation*

THE men of Winton No. 1 Mine will be honored at a dinner in the Old Timers' Building, Rock Springs, at 1:30 P. M., Saturday, Sept. 7, 1940.

Winton No. 1 Mine was awarded the "Sentinels of Safety" trophy for the year 1939 for having worked 277,139 man hours without a disabling injury. This trophy was won in competition with 101 other mines in the bituminous-coal-mine group. The trophy is presented annually by "The Explosives Engineer" and the competition is conducted by the United States Bureau of Mines. Each man employed in No. 1 Mine, Winton, will receive a certificate of honor.

Mr. Cadwallader Evans, Jr., Vice President and General Manager of The Hudson Coal Company, Scranton, Pennsylvania, whose Eddy Creek (Olyphant Shaft) Mine won the trophy in the anthracite mine group, will present the trophy for "The

Explosives Engineer" to Mr. Eugene McAuliffe, who will receive it in behalf of The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Mr. Theodore Marvin, Editor, "The Explosives Engineer," has advised that he will be present at the meeting.

Keep Your Name Off This List

THE following men, on account of their having sustained a lost-time injury during the month of July, 1940, will not be eligible to participate in the drawing for the grand prize, an automobile, which will be awarded at the annual safety meeting at the close of the current year.

H. M. McComas, Reliance
Roman Larrabaster, Winton

July Safety Awards

The monthly safety meetings for July were held at Reliance, Hanna, Superior, Rock Springs, and Winton on August 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th, and 7th, respectively.

Mr. Pryde spoke at the Rock Springs and Winton meetings, while Mr. Bayless spoke at Reliance and

Superior. Both Mr. Pryde and Mr. Bayless emphasized the importance of careful handling of explosives.

A talking picture of the wonder world of chemistry was shown at each of the meetings.

Following are the winners:

Mine	First Prize \$15 Each	Second Prize \$10 Each	Third & Fourth Prizes \$5 Each	Unit Foreman \$10 Each
Rock Springs No. 4	Howard Blakely	Matt Eliason	(Seth Korhonen (Carl Bell Irvin Rodda) Joe Paulik, Jr.)	Clarence Olsen
Rock Springs No. 8	W. E. Smith	John Cameron	Lawrence M. Doom Mike Profiri Chas. B. Applegate Frank Gargulak Clyde E. Moore (Thos. Mellor Waino Salo)	Frank Silovich
Reliance No. 7	H. Ainscough, Jr.	Woodrow Peterson		B. W. Grove
Winton Nos. 3 & 7½	Chas. French, Sr.	B. Aguilar		James Herd
Superior "C"	Joe Rizzi	Guerino Zotti		Tom Riccardo
Superior "D"	Henry O. Sevier	Albert Foianini		Leslie M. Low
Superior D. O. Clark	Geo. Savage	E. G. Blacker		Paul B. Cox
Hanna No. 4	John Lehti	R. A. Parkyn		Edward While
TOTAL	\$120	\$80	\$55	\$80

Suits of clothes awarded: C. L. Baker, Rock Springs No. 4 Mine; Primo Ecker, Rock Springs No. 8 Mine; A. Hesketh, Reliance No. 7 Mine; John Easton, Jr., Winton Nos. 3 and 7½ Mine; Matt Miller, Superior "C" Mine; Harry F. Cottrell,

Superior "D" Mine; and Isiah Sherratt, Hanna No. 4 Mine.

Reliance No. 1 and Winton No. 1 Mines were ineligible to participate.

Individual Safety Standings of the Various Mine Sections in the Annual Safety Contest

PERIOD JANUARY 1 TO JULY 31, 1940

WE WERE sorry to report two more sections being dropped from the "No Injury" column during July. Especially so, because both of the injuries were serious, one man having sustained a broken pelvis and the other having suffered the loss of a foot. Both injuries could very easily have been prevented—prevented mainly by forming safe working habits. It is very seldom that a man is hurt the first time he does a particular part of his work in an unsafe manner and for this reason it is the responsibility of every man working in or

around the mines to be alert for unsafe working practices, not only those unsafe practices of himself but of all those of the men working near him.

It is especially important that we watch the new men, seeing that they are properly trained. The things we learn first we usually retain longest. The section foremen and crew leaders should see that their men are trained to work the safe way. *What we learn today may save a life tomorrow—that life may be your own.*

UNDERGROUND SECTIONS					
<i>Section Foreman</i>	<i>Mine</i>	<i>Section</i>	<i>Man Hours</i>	<i>Injuries</i>	<i>Man Hours Per Injury</i>
1. R. J. Buxton.....	Rock Springs 8,	Section 1	66,164	0	No Injury
2. Julius Reuter.....	Reliance 1,	Section 3	64,596	0	No Injury
3. Ben Lewis.....	Rock Springs 8,	Section 2	58,968	0	No Injury
4. Chester McTee.....	Rock Springs 4,	Section 3	50,904	0	No Injury
5. Reynold Bluhm.....	Rock Springs 4,	Section 1	50,876	0	No Injury
6. Homer Grove.....	Reliance 7,	Section 3	50,183	0	No Injury
7. Richard Haag.....	Superior D,	Section 2	49,434	0	No Injury
8. Dan Gardner.....	Superior D,	Section 1	49,399	0	No Injury
9. B. W. Grove.....	Reliance 7,	Section 2	48,790	0	No Injury
10. Lester Williams.....	Rock Springs 4,	Section 2	47,124	0	No Injury
11. John V. Knoll.....	Winton 7½,	Section 3	46,109	0	No Injury
12. John Peternell.....	Winton 1,	Section 1	43,078	0	No Injury
13. R. C. Bailey.....	Winton 7½	Section 1	35,301	0	No Injury
14. Clyde Rock.....	Superior C,	Section 1	35,175	0	No Injury
15. Thos. Rimmer.....	Hanna 4,	Section 3	34,650	0	No Injury
16. Carl A. Kansala.....	Superior C,	Section 2	34,181	0	No Injury
17. James Hearne.....	Hanna 4,	Section 5	34,132	0	No Injury
18. Wilkie Henry.....	Winton 1,	Section 3	31,864	0	No Injury
19. Andrew Spence.....	Winton 7½,	Section 4	31,360	0	No Injury
20. Chas. Kamps.....	Sup. D. O. Clark,	Section 6	30,912	0	No Injury
21. Ben Cook.....	Hanna 4,	Section 4	28,007	0	No Injury
22. Marlin Hall.....	Sup. D. O. Clark,	Section 5	25,046	0	No Injury
23. Paul B. Cox.....	Sup. D. O. Clark,	Section 4	24,962	0	No Injury
24. Marino Pierantoni.....	Sup. D. O. Clark,	Section 1	24,857	0	No Injury
25. Robert Maxwell.....	Reliance 1,	Section 2	68,131	1	68,131
26. David Wilde.....	Rock Springs 8,	Section 4	52,822	1	52,822
27. Arthur Jeanselme.....	Winton 1,	Section 2	49,959	1	49,959

28. Jack Reese.....	Reliance 7,	Section 1	38,248	1	38,248
29. W. B. Rae.....	Hanna 4,	Section 1	35,812	1	35,812
30. Sam Canestrini.....	Reliance 1,	Section 1	35,714	1	35,714
31. F. L. Gordon.....	Sup. D. O. Clark,	Section 7	32,970	1	32,970
32. Andrew Young.....	Rock Springs 8,	Section 3	53,193	2	26,597
33. Dominic Martin.....	Sup. D. O. Clark,	Section 2	24,969	1	24,969
34. Frank Hearne.....	Hanna 4,	Section 2	37,247	2	18,624
35. Wm. S. Fox.....	Superior C,	Section 3	35,042	2	17,521
36. John Valco.....	Winton 7½,	Section 2	32,179	2	16,090
37. R. A. Pritchard.....	Sup. D. O. Clark,	Section 3	24,997	2	12,499

OUTSIDE SECTIONS

1. Thomas Foster.....	Rock Springs	111,141	0	No Injury
2. Port Ward.....	Superior	93,061	0	No Injury
3. E. R. Henningsen.....	Hanna	87,630	0	No Injury
4. William Telck.....	Reliance	66,304	0	No Injury
5. R. W. Fowkes.....	Winton	62,170	0	No Injury
ALL DISTRICTS, 1940.....		1,937,661	18	107,648
ALL DISTRICTS, 1939.....		1,807,428	15	120,495

STATEMENT SHOWING NUMBER OF CALEN-
 DAR DAYS WORKED BY DEPARTMENTS
 OR MINES SINCE THE LAST LOST-
 TIME INJURY

FIGURES TO JULY 31, 1940

*Underground
 Employees
 Calendar Days*

Rock Springs No. 4.....	371
Rock Springs No. 8.....	161
Reliance No. 1	15
Reliance No. 7	138
Winton No. 1	2
Winton No. 3 Seam	175
Winton No. 7½ Seam	390
Superior "C"	108
Superior "D"	343
Superior D. O. Clark	44
Hanna No. 4.....	69

*Outside Employees
 Calendar Days*

Rock Springs No. 4 Tipple	3,564
Rock Springs No. 8 Tipple	2,144
Reliance Tipple	350
Winton Tipple	3,764
Superior "C" Tipple	770
Superior "D" Tipple	1,218
Superior D. O. Clark Tipple	917
Hanna No. 4 Tipple	992

*General Outside
 Employees
 Calendar Days*

Rock Springs	2,876
Reliance	833
Winton	3,361
Superior	3,633
Hanna	1,736

July Injuries

H. M. McCOMAS, American, age 49, married, loader head man, Section No. 1, Reliance No. 1 Mine. Fractured Pelvis.

The scene of the accident was an old entry which was recently reopened. The first of the two rooms was in about one hundred feet from the end of the parting. A three-car trip is used in this entry, the cars being divided between the two rooms, and a six-ton locomotive is used to handle the cars from the rooms to the parting. There is ample clearance on the parting.

McComas and the other loader head man had finished loading a trip and were bringing it out to the parting. His partner was running the locomotive. When the cars landed on the parting, McComas attempted to set a brake from the close side of the curve and was squeezed between the first and second cars behind the locomotive.

Setting brakes, coupling or uncoupling cars from the short side of a curve is a very dangerous practice and should be discontinued.

(Please turn to page 382)

Poems For September

It is only natural that those who write poetry turn to war and war's reactions in a time like this. With nearly all Europe a veritable hell of oppression, strife and fear, with hunger in the offing, one can readily expect that all song and music should be written in a minor key. For September we take two poems by a gifted Irish poet, published in the Dublin Magazine for the current quarter, the first—

JE SAIS AUJOURD'HUI SALUER LA BEAUTE

By Donagh MacDonagh

I.

When she was youthful, proud and beautiful,
With every young man's head in every street
Turned to her walking, and a poet's heart
Spread naked, waiting patiently for her feet,

She would have passed along and never seen
A thousand turning heads; but now she sees
A lifted hat, a deferential smile,
A half-salute, a tame desire to please.
She would have passed me by in any room;
But age has brought her near to me, as age
Has withered all the lineaments of that face
That took all poetry as living wage.

II.

She

We marched down Sackville Street in '97,
Our pockets big with stones,
He and I matching that crowd of reckless men
In accurate smashing of the traitor windows
Lighted to fete an ageing enemy.
Then he was bright with dreams and gay with talk,
And caution distant as the first white hair.

But age and carefulness walk cheek by cheek,
And when we meet to-day he goes in fear
I may hand my shopping basket to his hand
Or greet a passing rebel in the street.

III.

Men can still discern the living bones
That underlay her face's loveliness,
And on that frame can weave a dreaming face
Evoking savagery and gentleness.
Beauty has vanished from her, and her youth,
Her lovers, all that stilled the turbulent crowd,
Yet when she walks they stand to let her pass
Who moves like Helen in a festive shroud.

IV.

She

Because one chorus of my beauty
Beat incessantly on my ears when young
No man who knew only that litany
Could make me hear, however smooth his tongue,
Whatever genius stirred his poetry
Or taught his pen outlandish flatteries;
Only the loveless appeal to do, and act;
The bitter sacrifice, seemed sweet to me.

Now that young men can watch my face in peace
Without the blood being jangled in their veins
I know the silence terrible; that unheard praise
Has left a peace that only age explains.

The next poem by the same gifted author speaks of one of the great beauty spots of now saddened France, the Forest and Town of Fontainebleau. With a population of 16,000, distant about thirty-seven miles from Paris, the town lies alongside the largest and most beautiful forest in France, a forest some fifty miles in circumference. Fontainebleau, like Paris, is saturated with history. The Palace now stands on the site of a fortified castle erected by Louis VII in 1162, and has been the scene of many momentous events. Here in 1865 Louis XIV signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and in 1809 the sentence of divorce against the Empress Josephine was pronounced, and it was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon signed his abdication as Emperor, bidding farewell to his Guards before his journey to St. Helena and death.

FONTAINEBLEAU

The surging power of war and of words
Springs out of some dark fissure
Varnish of culture cannot touch.
And so all wild desirable barbarities
Crouch down out of sight
Waiting the auspicious moment
When the candle is overturned
And darkness screams with slackened nerves.

Knowledge is not enough.
Passion and fear can tear all knowledge down
Shattering the carefully wrought
Filigree of thought
And trampling with certain feet the Sevres dream.

Archimedes had no argument to turn the soldier's
point,
But died as we through accident of birth.

And this is the story of Vae Victis and victorious
hordes,
Strength rising out of earth's caves
And unexpected places,
Bloody and sticky swords against modulated words,
Rough beard and sword against well-bred faces;
Varnish of culture giving beneath
The blowlamp's laughter and time's rat teeth.

There is one more war verse we desire to publish. The writer, Mary D. Hatch, is one of those who find the columns of the daily press her only medium of

expression, yet appealing as it does for the frightened, helpless little children, driven from their homes out into a strange and too often unsympathetic world, it is poignantly beautiful, and so we will close with:

REFUGEES

By Mary D. Hatch

Lord, help the frightened children,
And keep them brave, who go
Into the homes of strangers,
Whose ways they do not know.

Lord, help the ones who take them
And make them understand
The little children's vagaries,
Bred in a different land.

May there be love and patience
To help them in their need;
That they shall know forever
That Christ is risen indeed.

CAPTAIN JACK SMITH—PLEASE NOTE

Just as an interesting item, we print this paragraph from "The Eastern Underwriter":

"The Social Security Board has 47 million accounts on record. Almost five hundred thousand people have the surname Smith, but only two persons have been found with the same identification records—same name, mothers same maiden names, and the men born in the same year, month, and day."

Death of Harold L. Morgan

Harold L. Morgan, Timberman in Mine No. 7½ at Winton, came to an untimely end on Sunday morning, August 11th, when he was suffocated by gas fumes arising from a fire of unknown origin in the 7th South Entry, which has since been sealed off.

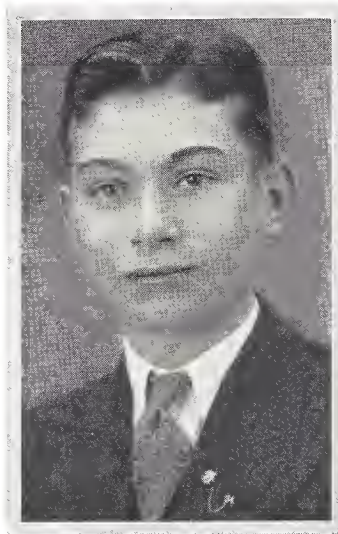
Harold was born at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1911, and was brought to Hanna by his parents when quite young. Received his schooling at that point, following which he began work with the Company in September, 1929, being transferred to Winton in May, 1934.

Surviving are his widow, his father and mother, and four brothers. The funeral services were held Thursday afternoon, August 15th, at the Episcopal Church, Rock Springs, the Rev. Harry Kellam, Rector of the Episcopal Church at Hanna, officiating, interment in Mountain View Cemetery, Rock Springs.

In his school days he was an ardent football player, and was much interested in Boy Scout work. His services as a Drum Major with various bands of this vicinity were in demand by reason of his extreme height. He was popular in other circles, and will be deeply missed. The heartfelt sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved in their time of sorrow.

Superior Mourns

Americo Bert Dalnodar and Guirino Bertagnolli, both of Superior, came to their deaths in a truck-auto collision seven miles west of Rock Springs on July 14th.

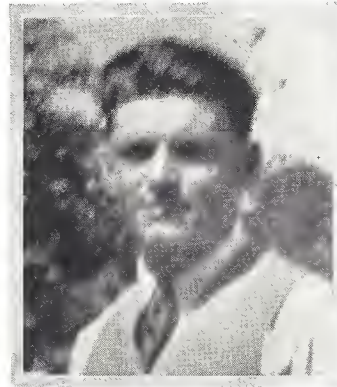


Americo Dalnodar

Americo Bert Dalnodar was born February 8, 1915, at Superior, Wyo., and had lived in this vicinity all his life, attending grade school in So. Superior and then graduating from the Superior High School in 1934. On July 9, 1934, he was employed as an electrician in The Union Pacific Coal Company's shop, the position he held until the time of his death. He was an active member of The Union Pacific Coal Company Band, Local Union 2328, Fratelanza Oteraie Lodge, and Redmen Lodge, Washakie Tribe No. 5.

Besides his great many friends, Americo is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Dalnodar, and three sisters, Jennie, Olga, and Ruby, all of Superior.

Guirino Bertagnolli came to this area from the Tyrol seven years ago and was employed by The Union Pacific Coal Company in "C" Mine on June 9, 1936. Guirino was born in Fondotret, Tyrol, on February 25, 1909. He was a member of Local 2328, Fratelanza Oteraie Lodge, and Fraternal Order of Eagles.



Guirino Bertagnolli

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bertagnolli, of Tyrol, Italy; four brothers, Alex and Frank, of South America, Corado, of Superior, and Frederick of Europe; four sisters, Mrs. Angelo Biasi, of South America, Mrs. Leo Bertagnolli, of Superior, Mrs. Albino Brugnara, of Rock Springs, and Mrs. Adolph Bertagnolli, of Tyrol.

Engineering Department

Outline of Discovery and Development of Coal Seams in Sweetwater and Carbon Counties, Wyoming

PART FOUR

Considerable prospecting of the outcropping of the coal seams along the west rim of the Baxter Basin from Rock Springs north through the Winton district to Long's Canyon had taken place prior to 1900 on lands owned by The Union Pacific Coal Company, the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and the United States Government.

There was a revival of prospecting in this area by diamond-drill methods in 1902, continuing until 1911, but, owing to the large amount of outcrop coal available at that time, it was not considered necessary to spend the large amount of money required to finance an intensive drilling campaign, which would be necessary at the present time before opening a new mining district, and it was only natural at a time following the close of the World War, when new coal mines had a mushroom growth all over the country, that a new mining district should be established at the present site of Winton (formerly called Megeath) during 1917.

The Megeath Coal Company acquired the privately owned land at the present location of the town of Winton, and proceeded to open mines from the outcrop on Seams Nos. 3, 1, 7½, 7, and later No. 9 Seam, and build a railroad from Reliance Junction to the new camp.

The first opening was on No. 7½ Seam, on July 12, 1917, where a temporary tippie was constructed to obtain quick coal and to take care of development coal while constructing a modern preparation plant, containing the first Marcus type screening plant installed in the Rock Springs district. This plant was installed at the mouth of the main slope opening on No. 7½ Seam, about 400 feet north of the temporary dump structure, near the center of the purchased property. A modern 500-horsepower electric hoist, having a rope speed of 1,000 feet per minute, was installed just east of the new loading plant to take care of the slope haulage. Underground, up-to-date electric coal-cutting machines and electric coal drills were installed to prepare the coal for loading into pit cars by hand methods. Electric locomotives were installed to take care of the underground haulage. In fact, anything requiring power

for its operation at this property was to be operated electrically.

At the start, Green River water for camp use had to be hauled in railroad tank cars from Rock Springs.

By the fall of 1918, over 100 substantial mine tenements had been constructed, and these tenements were rented to employees at a nominal price. A new store building was under construction. In order not to neglect the children, a well-built two-room school house had been constructed, and equipped throughout in a manner to make school attendance attractive. The management at this time also had plans for constructing a public amusement hall for moving pictures, dances, and entertainments, which was built in 1919, also the construction of a pool and billiard hall. Life was to be made as attractive at the new camp as was practical under the existing conditions.

Shortly after the mines were opened, it became apparent that the coal seams contained lenses of low, dirty, unworkable coal, and a diamond drilling campaign was started to prove up the workable areas on the various seams on the property. At the same time a churn-drilling program was undertaken with the idea in view of obtaining a good water-well system for camp use. This water-well program proved a failure. The diamond drilling also proved that the desirable workable acreage was located to the south and west of the mines opened, with doubtful areas immediately to the north. To partially remedy this defect, the East half of the West half of Section 34, Township 21 North, Range 104 West of the 6th Principal Meridian, immediately west of the land owned, was purchased from the United States Government on November 24, 1919.

The coal business was still flourishing, and it was considered advisable to push development work in mines which had been opened on Seams Nos. 3, 1, and 7.

By 1920 the mines had been developed to a point showing the necessity for the acquisition of additional land to the south to be able to maintain the desired daily output, and on July 14, 1920, a coal-

mining lease was acquired from The Union Pacific Coal Company, covering the East half of the Northeast quarter of Section 6, Township 20 North, Range 104 West of the 6th P. M., and on the same date a coalmining lease was acquired from the Union Pacific Railroad Company covering the Northwest quarter and West half of the Northeast quarter of Section 5, Township 20 North, Range 104 West of the 6th P. M., on land adjoining the original purchase to the south, which insured the mines ability to produce a large tonnage over a period of years.

The Winton property was acquired by The Union Pacific Coal Company on May 16, 1921, from the Megeath Coal Company, and became an integral part of the Coal Company system. Since acquiring this property, The Union Pacific Coal Company has made many improvements there, and the mining system has been modernized until all the mines are now one hundred per cent mechanized. Recent diamond drilling has proven up a large block of workable coal at this property and adjacent thereto, which assures a long life and a prosperous community at Winton.

The present water-supply system, consisting of drilled water wells, pumping plant, and distribution system, was installed at Winton during 1924.

MEGEATH NO. 1 MINE (Now The Union Pacific Coal Company's No. 1 Mine, No. 7½ Seam): This mine was opened on July 12, 1917, at the temporary opening by the Megeath Coal Company, to facilitate the development of the permanent main slopes on the No. 7½ Seam of coal while the main preparation plant was under construction at the mouth of the main slope. There were three slopes developed from the surface down the dip, consisting of a main slope, a manway slope, and an air-course slope, and haulage entries were driven along the strike both north and south off the main slope.

The No. 7½ Seam of coal is located approximately midway between the No. 1 Seam and the No. 7 Seam of coal, which are being worked at Rock Springs. This seam first became thick enough to be worked at Reliance, and was given the number 7½ Seam. At Winton this seam varies in height from 5 to 7 feet and pitches nearly due west at about 15 degrees, and it contains a good grade of commercial and railroad fuel.

This seam presented the most attractive location for the permanent loading layout on the property purchased, and the mine was opened with the idea of concentrating all loading operations at this point, but this seam of coal in front of the main slope and to the north when developed ran into large areas of low, dirty, unworkable coal, which necessarily changed the plans for the original mine setup.

The first change from the original setup consisted in the driving of a level rock tunnel during 1919 across the strata to the east until it intercepted the No. 7 Seam of coal, 140 feet below No. 7½ Seam,

where a large mine was developed. The No. 7 Seam of coal varies in thickness from 5 to 8 feet, and the workable area covers a large acreage. The mine was opened on a dip-panel system by hand-loading methods, using electric coal-cutting machines and electric drills to prepare the coal for blasting. The haulage was accomplished by installing small electric hoists at the head of each dip panel, which delivered the coal to a parting on the main motor road, from where it was delivered by motor to the main slope on No. 7½ Seam for delivery to the loading plant. The mine on No. 7 Seam was closed down temporarily February, 1927, on account of lack of business, and the mine is still closed.

After the purchase of this property by The Union Pacific Coal Company, the idea of maintaining the No. 1 Mine slope, No. 7½ Seam, as the central outlet for all mines opened except on No. 3 Seam was temporarily retained and on this assumption a rock tunnel was started on the level across the strata in a southwesterly direction from No. 5 South Entry, No. 7½ Seam, until it intersected the No. 1 Seam on the main drift entry near the new location for No. 1 Seam slopes as now operated. This tunnel was driven during 1927, and the No. 1 Seam coal from the new location was delivered by motor to the main slope on No. 7½ Seam for delivery to the loading plant. Shaker conveyor loading was well established in the new No. 1 Seam workings by 1928, the slopes driven by hand work. Joy loaders for driving slopes were used in 1928.

The No. 7½ Seam mine was intermittently continued in operation to the south until October, 1930, on the dip-panel system of mining, until the new mine on No. 1 Seam was connected up with the new surface tram line to the tipple in 1931.

MEGEATH NO. 2 MINE, NO. 1 SEAM: This mine was opened on the upper split of No. 1 Seam by a drift opening in February, 1919, with coal from this mine to be delivered to the loading plant over a surface tram road. The workings in this part of No. 1 Seam covered a small area, and consisted of the Main Drift Entry to the top of a panel slope which extended down the pitch for about 450 feet, and from a point 50 feet back from the face an entry was driven south 1,100 feet before being abandoned. The coal in this mine was only 5 feet in thickness, with mining conditions not attractive, and when a rock split entered the seam at the face of the workings, this mine was abandoned in 1923.

MEGEATH NO. 3 MINE: The Megeath No. 3 Mine was located at Rock Springs, and this mine, formerly known as the Park Mine, was purchased from John Park, et al, by The Megeath Coal Company, and later sold by the Megeath Company to The Colony Coal Company.

MEGEATH NO. 4 MINE, NO. 3 SEAM (Now known as The Union Pacific Coal Company's Winton No. 3 Mine): A drift entry to the south, a drift

entry to the North, and the main slopes at this mine were opened in 1918. A fan having a capacity of 80,000 cubic feet per minute was installed in 1920.

The Main Slope Mine was opened in the usual manner by driving a main haulage slope, a man-way slope and an air course slope directly down the pitch of the No. 3 Seam, and turning haulage entries at stated intervals approximately on the strike both north and south from the haulage slope. This plan has been continued on the north side of the mine, but on the south side of the mine a dip-panel system of mining was started below the 3rd South Entry, which was continued between the main slope and the 4th Panel slope down to the line of dirty coal. The 4th South Panel was changed into a sub-slope in 1927, from which entries at regular intervals were driven to the south to accommodate scraper loading and shaking conveyor loading. The workings south of the 4th Panel slope have been driven to the dirty-coal area, and this part of the mine is now abandoned. Shaker conveyor loading of coal is proceeding on the north side of the slope now. The mine workings are exposing the dirty-coal area in several places, and indications point to an early completion of the mine. In the workable area of the No. 3 Seam the coal varies from 5 to 7½ feet in thickness and the quality is good when workings are not too close to the outcrop. The coal from this mine is delivered over a surface tram to the loading plant.

MEGEATH NO. 9 MINE (Now The Union Pacific Coal Company's No. 9 Seam Mine): During 1921 a level rock tunnel was started by the Megeath Coal Company from the 6th North Entry on the No. 7½ Seam workings. This tunnel was driven east across the strata to connect with the No. 9 Seam of coal. The tunnel was about one-half completed when the Megeath property was purchased by The Union Pacific Coal Company May 16, 1921, and The Union Pacific Coal Company carried the tunnel to completion and extended main haulage roads both north and south in the coal seam.

The main north entry was driven first, so that a connection could be made with the main slope of the mine which had been driven down the pitch from the outcrop of the seam. This connection was made in 1922, and the main north entry was continued to the north for about 1,000 feet, until it was decided the upper seams at this district should be worked out first, and the mine was closed down in 1923 and still remains closed, although a clean 10-foot seam of coal is exposed at the face. The main south entry at this time was still being developed in a split seam of coal. There is a large area of proven workable coal ahead of this mine, which insures the continuance of the town of Winton for years to come.

A general revamping of the Winton mines haulage system was started in 1931, with the construction of a new surface and underground tram road

over which coal from the new slope on No. 1 Seam would be hauled from the top of this slope by motors directly to the main preparation plant at No. 7½ Seam slope. The workings on No. 7½ Seam, No. 7 Seam, and No. 9 Seam were temporarily closed down with work being concentrated on the No. 1 Seam and No. 3 Seam Mines. During 1935 a level rock tunnel was driven from No. 3 South Entry, No. 1 Mine, to a connection with the lower entry in No. 7½ Seam workings, and these workings became available to the No. 1 Slope workings. It is contemplated that this rock tunnel will be continued until it intersects the No. 7 Seam mine workings, making this coal again available for loading over the main preparation plant. More detailed study may show the advisability of sinking a new rock slope near the loading plant to recover the coal from Seams Nos. 7, 8, and 9.

During the revamping period in 1931, a level rock tunnel was driven west across the strata from No. 1 Mine Slope to connect with the No. 3 Mine workings at the 8th South Entry off No. 4 Dip Panel, which tunnel would be part of the new motor haulage for the No. 3 Mine workings. This motor road was projected to be driven north and cut off the main slope workings to the west, but was not completed on account of the workings below the 8th South Entry in No. 3 Mine having encountered a dirty area which changed the proposed setup.

JULY INJURIES

(Continued from page 377)

ROMAN LARRABASTER, *American, age 36, single, loader head man, Section No. 2, Winton No. 1 Mine.* Amputation of right foot just above ankle.

The scene of the accident was at the first of two loader heads which are approximately fifty feet apart. The cars are controlled at the loader heads by snubbing ropes. Larrabaster was loader head man on the outside unit. The outside unit had just completed loading three cars and the inside unit had completed loading four of its six cars when the inside place cleaned up. The motorman moved the motor against the three loads and the loaded and empty cars from the inside unit were run through to the three standing loads and the ropes were taken off both trips. The motorman then spotted the empties under the outside loader head and the snubbing rope from this unit was put on the trip (four loads and two empties) and Larrabaster took up the slack in the rope. The motorman then let the motor and the three cars down to give room to load. Larrabaster had apparently failed to take up one loop in the snubbing rope and as the motor moved down, the weight of the four loaded cars and the two empty cars tightened the rope, catching his foot in the loop of the rope, pulling him against the snubbing prop.

Haulage men should be alert at all times.

Mr. Thomas Seddon Taliaferro, Jr.

An Appreciation

By Eugene McAuliffe

THERE passed away at 6:10 A. M., on Saturday, August 17th, 1940, in his home in Rock Springs, Wyoming, a man, Mr. Thomas Seddon Taliaferro, Jr., whom thousands throughout the Rocky Mountain region of the west, and in the State of Virginia, lovingly spoken of as the "Old Dominion," and the "Mother of Presidents," felt honored to know as a warm friend, a brilliant constitutional lawyer and a gracious gentleman.

It was the writer's privilege to know Mr. Taliaferro intimately for more than 17 years, during which time, in season and out, myself and my family were the recipients of an hospitality that was so warm, and so friendly, as to leave a continuing series of happy imprints on our memory. In this privilege we were in no sense alone, for Mr. Taliaferro's home and the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Taliaferro was extended to thousands, over the forty-four years of their married life. The sadness of parting with this dear friend was for us softened by the memory of a most happy hour spent with him and Mrs. Taliaferro, but thirty-six hours before death's messenger called to him as he slept. Mr. Taliaferro could not be other than as he was. Born in Gloucester County, Virginia, July 1, 1865, less than three months after the surrender at Appomattox, his family suffering heavily from the Civil War, in which they were active participants, the boy grew up in an atmosphere of tense uncertainty, made livable only by the memory of a rich heritage of blood and tradition coming down from the earliest permanent English settlement on American soil; from the stirring challenge of Patrick Henry who thundered his defiance for the British Crown in his impassioned speeches in the Virginia House of Burgesses, and in the resolution introduced in the Continental Congress by Richard Henry Lee, Mr. Taliaferro's forebear, which read:

"That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that

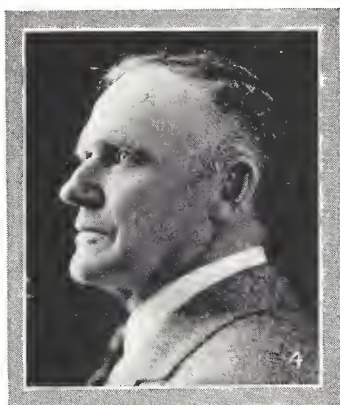
they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them, and the State of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

This resolution, seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts, was signed on July 2, 1776, two days before the adoption of the Declaration of Independence written by the immortal Thomas Jefferson, who incorporated in his draft the identical declaration written by Richard Henry Lee, and adopted by the Congress duly assembled two days before that fourth day of July, 1776.

Of Richard Henry Lee's resolution the northern patriot John Adams wrote to his wife Abigail; "The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. It ought to be commemorated, as a day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized, with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore."

The son of Major Thomas Seddon Taliaferro and Harriotte (Lee) Taliaferro, the latter a daughter of Cassius F. Lee, a leading Virginia layman of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, a granddaughter of Edmund Jennings Lee and a great-granddaughter of Richard Henry Lee of Revolutionary fame, Mr. Taliaferro as we have said "could not be other than as he was." On the paternal side Mr. Taliaferro came down from another Virginia line, including the Taliaferros, Seddons, Washingtons, Pages, among the most distinguished families of the "Old Dominion." Mr. Taliaferro's father served as a member of General Robert E. Lee's personal staff in the Army of Virginia, and his uncle, General William B. Taliaferro, commanded a division in the same army, with other members of the family serving the Southern cause.

Coming from a line of ancestry unexcelled in America, Mr. Taliaferro possessed a measure of self-respect, coupled with a passion for useful achievement, that few excel, regardless of family heritage or background. With the Virginia planters impoverished by the Civil War, Mr. Taliaferro's educational opportunities were restricted to an Episcopal high school in Alexandria, Virginia, and Gloucester Academy in his native county, which was located across the York river on whose banks



Mr. T. S. Taliaferro, Jr.

was fought the last battle of the Revolutionary War, the battle of Yorktown, Virginia, where on October 18, 1781, Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Generals Washington and Rochambeau, commanding the allied American and French forces. Impelled by that resistless energy that dominated his life, he left his family and storied birthplace behind him, and on November 2, 1883, when but eighteen years of age he entered the service of the Union Pacific Railroad at Green River, Wyoming, as a day laborer. Advancing step by step he reached what to him was the enviable position of Station Agent at Green River in 1888. Then came the crowning event in our friend's career, his marriage on April 15, 1896, in Christ Church at Alexandria, Virginia, to his youthful sweetheart, Miss Lucy Ramsay, great-great-granddaughter of William Ramsay, first Mayor of Alexandria, great-granddaughter of Colonel Dennis Ramsay, who served in the Revolutionary War in the battles of Princeton and Yorktown under General Washington and the granddaughter of George Washington Dennis Ramsay; her father Mr. George Washington Ramsay, all of Alexandria, Virginia. Colonel Dennis Ramsay served as a pallbearer for his old commander and friend at General Washington's funeral.

Mr. Taliaferro's Green River career was crowded full of events that called for instant decision and determined action. Some two years preceding his marriage he was commissioned Captain of Company "E" of the Wyoming National Guard, and on March 24, 1894, he was ordered by the Governor of the state to halt and arrest a division of Coxey's Army who had seized a Union Pacific freight train and locomotive for their advance on the Nation's Capitol. True to tradition, the twenty-nine year old Captain recovered the train, put the "army" under arrest and held them until they were taken over by three companies of United States regulars, who returned them to Idaho where the train was first seized, and where the leaders were subsequently tried and imprisoned by a Federal judge.

Through Mr. Taliaferro's fifty-seven years of arduous life as a resident of Wyoming, he entered into all the activities that went for the building up of a new commonwealth carved out of a virgin territory largely made up of mountains and desert. His first and dominant interest was for the church to which his family subscribed from the earliest Colonial days, and for many years and up to his passing, he served the various Bishops of his church as Chancellor of the Missionary Diocese of Wyoming. To all other churches and creeds, Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, he invariably lent a kindly and helping hand.

Mr. Taliaferro was a Past Master of the Masonic Lodge at Green River, the organizer of the lodge of Royal Arch Masons, Past Commander of Acalon Commandery of Knights Templar, a thirty-third degree Scottish Rite Mason, and at his death was said to be the oldest member of the Wyoming Masonic fraternity in point of service. His business activities outside of the practice of law in State and National courts, included the presidency of the First National Bank of Green River, a nominal connection with the State Bank of Green River and the presidency of The Green River Mercantile Company. He stood in point of sheep ownership among the great flockmasters of his state and he also administered an extensive merchandising business and two ranches, the one located in Eden Valley north of Rock Springs his particular pride and interest.

Serving as legal representative for the Union Pacific Railroad and its related Coal and Utilities Companies, his practice also embraced the work of the several commercial coal mining companies in Southern Wyoming, the Rock Springs Grazing Association and the handling of numerous estates, with a wide general practice in which he was assisted in recent years by his son Arthur Lee Taliaferro. Every detail of Mr. Taliaferro's business and professional life was marked by the most scrupulous recognition of business integrity and professional ethics. Those who sought his help in questionable cases were turned away and criminal and divorce cases were not to his liking. Strong in his beliefs, including an allegiance to the political party into which he was born, he was a dominant character, blazing his own trail in every circumstance, deciding in his own mind where was the "true north." Back of this strength he was a kindly, considerate, Christian gentleman, who never allowed himself to forget the traditions of the "Old Dominion" in which he was born.

Mr. Taliaferro is survived by his wife, Lucy Ramsay Taliaferro, who has served as National Democratic committeewoman for Wyoming for many years; five sons, William Ramsay Taliaferro of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Thomas Seddon Taliaferro, III., Arthur Lee Taliaferro, junior partner in his father's law firm, all of Rock Springs; Beverly Wellford Taliaferro and Edward Ludwell Taliaferro, of Green River, Wyoming; and two daughters, Mrs. Lucy Ramsay Englund of Denver, Colorado, and Harriotte Lee Taliaferro of Rock Springs, together with six grandchildren.

On Tuesday afternoon, August 20th, with a soft sun shining and with a complete absence of the two elements, wind and dust, that too often mark Wyoming's weather, the age-old burial service of the

Episcopal Church, which our friend had cherished and sustained, was read over his remains in The Union Pacific Coal Company's spacious Old Timers' Building, of which organization he was a life member, the little church of which he was a member too small to hold his mourning friends. The remains were guarded by a detail of his old neighbors and friends in full Knights Templar uniform; the officiating clergyman The Reverend Alfred Lee Jones of Green River. From the Old Timers' Building, where several hundreds of his friends met to say a final farewell, the remains were conveyed to Mountain View Cemetery, where the final commitment services were conducted by Mt. Moriah Lodge, No. 6, A.F.&A.M., of Green River, of which lodge Mr. Taliaferro was a member.

The Mayor of Rock Springs on the morning of the day on which the obsequies were held, issued a proclamation closing all business houses during the funeral hour, and the business places in Green River were similarly closed.

To thousands throughout the nation and the west, and in the country along the York and James rivers where Mr. Taliaferro's forebears lived since 1640, the news of his passing came as a distinct shock, for regardless of his years (more than three-quarters of a century), his pace and capacity for work had not been seriously slackened, and to the many recipients of the splendid Virginia hospitality shown by Mr. Taliaferro and his gracious wife, a feeling of more than sadness came. Every gathering where our friend sat was made significant by discussions of current affairs as well as world events. Few men had the intimate knowledge of early British and American history possessed by him, his reading embracing every branch of English literature.

And so we say Farewell to a courageous soul, a fine gentleman and a loyal friend.

The Little Church At Moose

The Rt. Rev. Winfred H. Ziegler, Episcopal Bishop of Wyoming, on Sunday, August 4th, dedicated two stained-glass windows in the Chapel of the Transfiguration at Moose, Wyoming. The windows are entitled "Summer" and "Winter" and were so designated, executed and presented by Jessie Van Brunt, an artist of Brooklyn, New York, who was in attendance at the ceremonies and remarked, "The windows are given to the Glory of God and in loving appreciation of the beauties of nature in the Teton Mountain region, and in honor of Bishop Ziegler."

The window "Summer" depicts a colorful landscape with rolling mountains as a background, while "Winter" is represented by an unusual border of snow crystal designs. The donor, Miss Van Brunt,



has made world-wide gifts of these stained-glass windows of her own design (Alaska, Norway, France, England, India, New Zealand, Switzerland, Labrador, etc.) and the inspiration for such comes from a line in her old Dutch hymnal "May I be in ceaseless adoration." Further, Miss Van Brunt stated, "The sun shines through one of my windows in some part of the world every hour of the twenty-four."

This little edifice is widely known not only for its large, clear plate-glass window through which is seen the towering peaks of the Teton Range, but as well for its quaint lichgate.

The Rev. A. E. Pawla is Vicar of the Chapel, also of St. John's Church, and Superintendent of St. John's Hospital, Jackson, Wyoming.

During the morning, Mary El Nowlin, of Jackson, Sally Tworger, of Sysstot, Long Island, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dolzel, Basin, Roy Nealeigh, Lydia Nealeigh, Edward Farley, Dorothy Farley, all of Bondurant, comprised the first confirmation class held in the Church.

A special collection was taken up to be used in connection with the construction of the new Episcopal Church now being built in the Hoback Basin.

Albert L. Mason Killed

ALBERT L. Mason, a flying cadet at Kelly Field, Texas, lost his life on August 6th, when his training plane crashed and was destroyed by fire near Yoakum, Texas.

Albert had made his home in Rock Springs for many years with his aunt, Mrs. J. L. Libby, 7 Wardell Court. Graduating from the local High School with the class of '35, he attended Wyoming University several years.

The remains were brought to Evanston, Wyoming, for services and interment on Tuesday, August 13th. The many friends of this young man were indeed sorry to learn of his unfortunate accident. His progress in his chosen field was watched closely and it has been authoritatively stated he would have graduated at the end of the present month.

Guns In The Air

By EL RENO

This story was first published in "The Sapper," a British Army magazine, in 1932. The story is wholly imaginary and was not intended as a prophecy. In the light of what has happened in the Second Great War, it is not altogether unreasonable to imagine some such aeronautic development as the author has visioned in this thrilling recital which was copied from "The Queen's Own Gazette," a British Regimental magazine published in Maidstone, England.

The short winter day was drawing to a close, and the last pale beams of watery sun struck down in spears of light on the myriad crystalite towers of London's skyscrapers. Overhead, a steady stream of traffic droned along the airways, and intermingled with the purr of innumerable elevators which constantly flashed up and down between the street levels. The glittering bodies of the stately Air Liners contrasted with the dull grey of huge freighters, while clouds of small fliers continually ascended and descended on the flat roofs of the London of 2034.

A small government flier broke out from the stream of traffic and descended on the roof of the gigantic government building that dominated the city. A young man climbed out of the flier and hurried over to the elevator. He acknowledged the salute of the attendant, and hurried inside.

As they flashed downward, the grizzled old attendant studied his passenger. He noted the thickset, rather awkward figure, the square rugged face, and the dark eyes framed by craggy brows.

"So this is Jevons, Administrator of the Fourth Division," thought the attendant, and averted his gaze as Jevons' dark eyes caught the critical stare.

"Twenty-third floor," chanted the guardian of the elevator. Jevons nodded and stepped out into a roomy corridor.

The attendant watched the squat figure walking quickly, for all his awkward gait, and shook his head slowly. "Something wrong," he muttered, "he's the last of them to arrive. It's five years since a full meeting of the Council was held." He stepped back into the elevator, and flashed back to the roof.

Britain was no longer governed by a Parliament. Party Government had long since vanished, swept away by the tide of progress. The country was divided up into various divisions, each division being controlled by an administrator, who was a member of the Supreme Council. The President of the Council directed the energies of the Division-Administrators from the Government Building in London, but on questions of national importance which demanded a united answer, it was usual for the President to call a meeting of the Administrators. A few hours before the Jevon's flier had arrived in London, the President had called a meeting, and Jevons had been the last to arrive.

Jevons passed swiftly along the corridor and emerged into a huge hall. Soft footed officials hurried about beneath the huge silver dome, hardly giving a passing glance at the ungainly Jevons as he crossed to where two attendants stood guard over a plated panel door. He displayed a small metal device, and the attendants bowed stiffly as the great panel slid aside.

The group of sober-faced men who had been sitting at the huge table in the center of the magnificent Committee Room of the Council, rose to their feet as Jevons entered. The white-haired President acknowledged the newcomer's salute, and motioned him to the one vacant chair at the table. There was a soft scraping of chairs as the others resumed their seats, and the faint music of a tiny bell struck by the President declared the meeting open.

The President rose to his feet and glanced round keenly at the eager faces about the table. It seems as if an uneasy light flickered in his eyes as he glanced at the craggy non-committal face of the Administrator of the 4th Division.

"Well, gentlemen," began the President, "as you are aware, I have called this meeting because the decision I am called upon to make cannot be given by me alone. It is a matter of vital importance that affects the millions of citizens whom it is our privilege to guide." The President paused and looked around, and Jevons moved restlessly, as if he resented the unwillingness of the President to come to the point. The President noticed the movement, and he shuffled nervously with a small pile of documents. He cleared his throat and went on; the words coming jerkily, as if he wished to spill them all at once.

"As you know, Whiteland has a long time disputed our right to use the Polar Airway. In the past, this matter has been settled by paying them toll for each flier crossing the Polar Zone. The arrangement worked well until Boritaff came to power. He became the virtual master of Whiteland barely ten days ago. Last night he spoke to me over the beam and practically delivered an ultimatum, which he will repeat to you all in a few moments."

The President looked up as a low buzzer sounded, and the panel door slid open, admitting a slim figure in a dark blue uniform.

"Oh, here is Marsh. I think his presence is necessary," said the President.

A low whistle escaped from the lips of one or

two of the members, and a glitter leapt into the dark eyes of Jevons. This was indeed serious. Marsh was the head of Britain's tiny battle fleet.

An attendant bustled forward and produced a chair for Britain's War Chief, who seated himself beside Jevons.

"It is time for Boritaff to speak," proclaimed the President and even as he spoke a bell shrilled in the corner of the great room.

Every eye became focussed on the iridium faced screen that was let into one side of the wall. The bell sounded again, and the shutter which hid the screen rolled noiselessly upward. A light flickered across the screen, and suddenly mirrored on its brilliant surface was the picture of a man sitting before a table, on which rested an imposing array of documents.

"Greeting, President and Administrators of Britain."

This was the usual opening for political speech on the beam. The voice, reproduced as clearly as if Boritaff had been seated in the room, had a harsh metallic ring, in keeping with the grim bearded face of the Master of Whiteland.

"Greeting," answered the President, and waited for Boritaff to speak again.

The Master of Whiteland picked up a sheet of paper.

"I am addressing you as the gathered representatives of Britain on a matter of importance, and on which I demand an answer to-night. For twenty years you have been allowed the privilege of using the Whiteland Airways in the Polar Zone for the transport of radium from the mines at Nordusk. You have paid for this concession by a toll on each freighter using the Airway. I produce an agreement drawn up and signed by Henry Davies, President of the Supreme Council of Britain, and Gurt Thorold, Chief of State of Whiteland." Boritaff held up the paper with its dangling seals.

"Within 24 hours from midnight to-night you must recall every freighter at Nordusk, and after the expiration of that limit I shall not permit another British flier to cross the Whiteland Polar Zone. If my demands are not met, I shall take steps to destroy all freighters using the Polar Airway, and shall issue on the Beam a formal declaration of War."

A sardonic smile crossed the bearded face as he uttered the last dreaded word, a smile tinged with triumph.

"But," quavered the white-haired President, "surely . . ."

"Enough!" snapped Boritaff, "I shall call up again and expect a definite acceptance or rejection of my proposal in 30 minutes. The only question on which I will accept a compromise will be the transfer of Nos. 1 to 15 mines at Nordusk to my Government."

The screen clouded as Boritaff's picture faded, and the shutter descended over the gleaming screen.

For thirty seconds after the descent of the shutter

there was a tense silence. Twenty-two pairs of anxious eyes looked at the President, who sat buddled in his chair as if suffering from the effects of a blow. Suddenly the old man straightened and his eyes flashed round the table.

"Well, gentlemen, thirty minutes, and the ultimate fate of Britain depends on your decision."

Sinclair, Administrator of the Sixth Division, leapt to his feet.

"President — this is absurd; it is pure brigandage; this sort of thing died out last century. War was outlawed fifty years ago, and the manufacture of battle fleets restricted; Boritaff is mad to talk of war — impossible."

"Unfortunately," answered the President, "I have had information that Whiteland has been building a battle fleet though I never considered the possibility of it being used against us. As the possibility of war became more remote the League, which eventually brought about universal peace, was dissolved, but Whiteland, under the guidance of Boritaff, evidently intends to take advantage of it, and his first victim will be Britain."

"While we sit down quietly and let them rob us of all we possess," broke in Jevons. "The radium mines are our greatest National asset. By its aid we have conquered disease. Everything depends on those mines and what they produce being used wisely for the profit of the world. Once in possession of Boritaff, the world will surely slip back into the miserable chaos of the last century."

The President looked at Marsh, who had sat silently while the discussion raged around him. He rose to his feet, standing stiffly erect.

"Tell the Council the exact strength of our Fleet," said the President, gravely. Marsh nodded.

"There are twenty battle cruisers of the '89 class, practically obsolete against fleets of recent build, 10 squadrons of single-seater freighters, and one, only one cruiser of modern design. She was only completed last month, but is superior to anything that can be put in the air against her. If we had but a few squadrons of her type you would not have need to tremble for the safety of Britain."

"You have no knowledge of the strength of the Whiteland Fleet?" questioned the President.

"No, only that they will be outnumbering ours, with ships of modern design. It is a question of time, too. Modern ships can travel nearly three times faster than any of our '89 models. We can call on the Canadian's Battle Fleet to help us, but before they can arrive on the scene we will have been destroyed."

Marsh resumed his seat, and the discussion broke out afresh. After a few minutes the President touched a bell, and restored silence.

"You have all heard the report of the Chief of the Battle Fleet, and if you decide to fight, remember you are sending men to certain death, with hardly any chance of retaliation against a superior enemy, and in encompassing the destruction of life and property. My advice is to accept the compromise."

and trust to the good faith of Whiteland to use the radium as we have done, wisely and well for the benefit of the world. That is my view; it is for you to make the decision."

Jevons glanced round at the members. He could see that the President's words had made an impression. He rose to his feet and uttered three words.

"We will fight," and his glance travelled to the portrait of a uniformed man, hanging on the wall above the President's chair. All heads turned and followed his gaze, while a subdued murmur rippled round the board.

Jevons flung out an arm and pointed dramatically to the picture.

"There," he roared, "was a man representative of the spirit of Britain who led our Fleet to victory against enormous odds, against a chivalrous foe. Are we going to knuckle down before any wayside brigand who backs his demands for booty by a rumoured fleet of fliers? Are we going to give up that which was so hardly won by the toil and devotion of our forefathers? We will fight, and I call on each member to signify his agreement to that decision by standing up."

Marsh leapt to his feet, followed by the rest of the members.

"We will fight!" The answer came in a shout that startled the attendant guarding the outer door.

The President rose as the members resumed their seats. He drew himself up to his full height.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your decision, in five minutes I will communicate it to Boritaff."

Jevons turned a flushed face to Marsh.

"By the way, what is the name of the new ship?"

"She is being named to-morrow: the 'Revenge'."

"And the Commander?"

"Smartest youngster in the service, named Grenville."

II.

War! A million loud speakers sounded the dread word through the silver domed community houses of Great Britain of 2034. From the lofty skyscrapers of London, a panic-stricken crowd surged out along the elevated footways and crammed the elevators; a turgid stream of humanity, with one thought echoing from lip to lip — War! War with Whiteland!

The broad expanse in front of the Government Building was a seething mass of people clothed in the universal blue silk uniform. All the footways leading up to the Government building belched forth fresh crowds every minute, until it seemed as if the human torrent would burst the confines of the great square. The noise was terrific; a thousand tongues sought to make themselves heard above the general babel, while every now and then a piercing shriek would rise above the din as some poor wretch was crushed against the huge fluted pillars, or was trampled under foot in the crush.

A woman had mounted the broad base of one of the columns and was haranguing the crowd in hoarse hysterical sentences. Her voice rose to a

scream as she flung out an arm dramatically in the direction of the great panelled doors which barred the way into the Government building.

"Jevons," she raved, "Jevons declared for war. I tell you we are all doomed. The Whiteland fliers will destroy us; their atomic bombs will rain down destruction from the skies — and why? I tell you — over a few miserable radium mines in the Polar Zone. We must stop this thing before it is too late."

Shrill cries of approval came from the crowd of flat-chested women who had gathered about the orator.

"We are emancipated," shrieked the speaker, "we will not tolerate war." The woman paused, as if waiting for approval of her statement.

"Jevons is the culprit . . ." She never finished her sentence. A sudden silence had come upon the great crowd; the speaker had not noticed the huge doors swing open, nor the white-haired President, accompanied by the ungainly Jevons, step up on the raised platform which stood before the entrance. She stopped when she saw the President had raised his hand.

"People of Britain," the President's voice came through the loud speakers, brooking no interruption. "A crisis has come upon us, and we, vested with the guidance of our country's destiny, have decided — not for Britain alone, but for humanity. As you know, Boritaff, Master of Whiteland, demands that the radium mines of Nordusk be handed over to his Government, the radium to be used as they think fit, and not for the benefit of the world."

A subdued murmur rippled among the crowd. The President again raised his hand.

"The radium must be saved. We have conquered disease, but once the radium is out of our control, disease will once more rear its ugly head among you. We have decided to fight, and in one hour the ultimatum will expire, and our battle fleet will take to the air — to fight for you and humanity. Even now the Canadian Battle Fleet is coming to help us."

A hoarse cheer broke from the lips of a group of men, half drowned amid the shrieks of the majority of the women. The babble died down as the President again started to speak.

"The action which is imminent will be broadcast on the Beam, under Article 29 of the Pledge of the Administration, which states that all matters of State shall be made public."

There was a tense silence as the President stepped down from the platform, then, as the great doors closed on Jevons and his chief, the babel broke out afresh. The group of men who had greeted the President's brief speech with cheers, tried to strike up a half forgotten patriotic song, which intermingled with the hysterical babble of the flat-chested women.

Gradually the crowd drifted back to the community houses to watch with anxious eyes the outcome of the coming battle, which would be

mirrored in every detail on the silver screens of the Beam.

III.

Air Station No. 7 hummed with busy life. Under the glare of the great arc lights hundreds of tiny figures hurried about the "Revenge," putting the final touches to the mighty aerial cruiser on which rested the destiny of a nation. Squadrons of one-man scouting machines had soared into the night, and it wanted only two minutes before Britain's Main Battle Fleet would roar after them into the air.

At the foot of a steel companion way the squat figure of Jevons stood beside the Commander of Britain's only modern fighting ship, a young man clad in the dark blue of the Air Service.

"Well, Grenville, two minutes," remarked Jevons, "and do your best to stop them. If you can delay them until the arrival of the Canadian Fleet, we stand a chance. The Canadians are on their way, but Whiteland is aware of it."

Grenville nodded grimly. "I will try," he said. "Good-bye."

Jevons grasped the proffered hand and watched Grenville's well-knit figure ascend the steel ladder to the "Revenge." He shook his head as he glanced at the other vessels comprising the Main Battle Fleet; a handful of obsolete cruisers of the '89 Class, but still able to strike a blow. A forlorn hope.

The "Revenge" trembled slightly as the engines, hidden deep in her armoured body, woke to life. The rhythm increased as she seemed to gather strength for the mighty leap into the air that would send her roaring across a continent.

The arc lights hissed and crackled; their beams scintillating on the curved steel prow, washed her gun decks with a flood of light. Hoarse orders echoed under vaulted roof, and a final shout went up as the doors of the station slid aside.

One by one the Fleet took the air. The "Revenge" roared her approval, and springing forward, boomed her way far into the night.

Upward she soared, the cold wind screaming past her. High in the heavens she paused, hovering slightly, then hurled her million pounds of steel forwards towards her distant goal.

Hidden by steel, deep down in her bosom, was the control room — the heart of the "Revenge." Grenville, the sole occupant of the room, sat facing his glittering array of instruments. His hand rested lightly on a polished lever, and his eyes, protected by huge glasses, were glued to a needle that clicked and swung before him. He leaned forward and examined a revolving cylinder, on which a flexible arm traced a line. He spoke into the mouthpiece of an instrument, and adjusting a set of headphones that sprouted a veritable maze of wires, repeated his message in a sharp, staccato voice.

High above him, perched in a tiny steel turret, Johnson, the second in command, cursed softly as he heard the message. It was snowing. The flakes caked against the window and blurred the watcher's

vision with swirling white clouds. He answered the message in the same staccato tones.

Grenville reached forward again and pressed a button. The needle swung in faster rhythm.

Inside the "Revenge" not a sound broke the silence. Outside, the wind screamed past the shuttered gun decks and steel tracery of her fighting keel. A thousand men rushed through space, but never a word spoken. Silence was the discipline of the Fleet. A muttered word outside the steel turret or control room, and the enemy would locate them. Ears strained to headphones; it was a matter of minutes now. Fingers caressed levers and buttons that would set their guns roaring and split the heavens with the detonation of bomb and air mine.

In the control room the Commander watched the nervous twitching of the needle. On him alone rested the fate of the "Revenge" in the coming struggle. One slip, and eternity in the icy clasp of the grim Polar Seas that tossed and bellowed thousands of feet below. A false move, and a thousand men, and the hope of a nation, would cease to exist, while a victorious enemy roared forward through the breach. The enemy were near. His black prowed cruisers were booming forward too.

Grenville touched a button and slid down deeper in his chair. On the screen in front of him the first of the enemy cruisers appeared, and as the distance lessened, another, and another, until the whole black fleet swung into view on the square of iridium faced glass.

IV.

The "Revenge" answered to Grenville's hand on the controlling dial and lifting her sharp prow upward, soared high above the advancing Whiteland fleet. Her speed was so great that in a few seconds she was poised above the black prowed cruisers which had deployed into line of battle on the approach of the solitary flier.

Messages hummed to and fro with frantic haste. The Commander of the Whiteland fleet thought that the "Revenge" was the forerunner of a mighty battle fleet. He did not know that it was Britain's fighting strength alone, a handful of obsolete cruisers laboring hard on the heels of the "Revenge," that confronted him. Vague rumors had hinted at the presence of the efficient Canadian Fleet, and the Commander was disturbed. Anxious to keep his formation intact to meet the shock of the main British Fleet, he detached two cruisers to deal with the adventurous flier that hummed above him like an angry wasp.

Grenville smiled grimly when he saw the two fliers rising. He judged their speed, and realising that the "Revenge" could easily outstrip the enemy, he set the great ship roaring across the Whiteland battle line. He adjusted the headphones closer to his ears and snapped an order to the waiting gunners in the keel batteries.

A second before the fateful order, the night sky was filled with the proud roaring of the Whiteland

Fleet. The words had hardly ceased to vibrate the diaphragms of the headphones when the heavens were split by the crash of the keel batteries, followed by the detonation of a dozen air mines. So great was the force of the explosions, that the "Revenge" tossed and bucketed like a cork in an angry sea.

Grenville glanced into the iridium faced screen as he spun the dials that sent the "Revenge" doubling back along the shattered Whiteland formation. Five enemy cruisers had been struck and were falling swiftly; two more were blazing wrecks, drifting helplessly, with their crews working like demons to subdue the flames that hissed and roared above the din of the replying Whiteland guns.

Higher and higher soared the "Revenge," while the Whiteland Commander, staggered by the disaster to seven of his finest ships, threw caution to the winds and ground out the order to destroy the elusive flier which had appeared so suddenly out of the void and as swiftly disappeared into the black vault of heaven, leaving a trail of blazing wrecks behind.

Unwittingly he had fallen into the trap so skillfully laid by Grenville. The black prowed battle line broke and scattered, soaring into space, seeking the mysterious enemy to revenge their fallen comrades.

Grenville watched the Whiteland cruisers with grim satisfaction. He could tell by their aimless searching that they were unable to locate him, whilst every movement they made was plainly visible on the screen in front of him. He watched a group of six in line sweeping through the scudding clouds. Again he spun the dials and snapped a staccato order to the waiting gunners.

The "Revenge" dropped swiftly with her steel prow nosing forward like some great bird of prey. Again her keel batteries thundered and crashed as they raked the upward-soaring fliers, and left the stricken wreckage of a single cruiser as she banked and zoomed high with the detonating enemy mines flashing far below her.

Grenville knew that this game of hide and seek among the clouds could not last. Though the "Revenge" had taken fearful toll, she was outnumbered, and sooner or later the Whiteland air mines would send her crashing down, leaving behind a trail of roaring flame as her funeral pyre.

Even as the thought entered his mind, the appearance of a group of enemy fliers on the screen sent his hands swiftly over the glittering array of dials and levers. The Whiteland fliers were above him, and he spun the dials over to the last division. The gallant ship answered with a terrific burst of speed; too late, the enemy had located her and their keel batteries spat downward, ringing the "Revenge" in a vortex of bursting mines.

Grenville felt the shock of a terrific explosion as one mine found its mark. Two dials swung to a stop, and the harsh voice of Johnson, the Second-in-Command, perched high in the observation

turret, reported that the steel prow was shattered, and two batteries were out of action. Luckily the mine had struck the forepart of the "Revenge" and the main force of its explosion had been warded off by the stout steelwork of the prow.

Another group of enemy fliers appeared on the screen, their forward batteries filling the night sky with violet flashes of light. The "Revenge" circled, swung round in a huge arc and zoomed high again, only to meet an advancing line of the enemy. Grenville, white faced and anxious, worked like a man possessed at the controls, seeking to escape from the merciless ring of steel that was gradually closing round him. The guns of the "Revenge" roared her defiance until it seemed that she was ringing about with a halo of violet flame.

Hopeless as the situation appeared, Grenville stuck to his task of guiding the "Revenge" through the inferno that raged about her. He felt the impact of a mine that flung him face forward against the switchboard. Bruised and bleeding, he crawled back into the chair. He dashed the hot, salt blood out of his eyes and tried to steady the reeling ship. She was badly hit, and staggered on her course like a wounded bird. He called up Johnson; there was no reply, Johnson was dead, stretched out amid the ruins of the turret, still clutching the mouthpiece of the speaker.

Grenville called up the stern batteries; yes, they were still in action, but the forward batteries were silent. The "Revenge" was losing way. She answered sluggishly when Grenville spun the dials. Suddenly he sat bolt upright as a red bulb flashed and glowed on the switchboard. Britain's main battle fleet had arrived. Grenville breathed easier and glanced into the screen. His heart leaped as he saw the handful of obsolete fliers fling themselves into the fight with every gun of their batteries adding to the din of battle.

If the Whiteland fleet had kept their formation the little band of British fliers would have been wiped out of existence before even having a chance to strike one blow. As it was, they roared into action against a scattered foe whose concentrated fire was directed against the gallant ship which had played for time, and won. They tore through the great gaps in the Whiteland line and formed a circle round the hard-pressed "Revenge."

The scattered members of the Whiteland fleet closed in on the old warriors of the skies as they circled round in a brave effort to ward off the final blow that would send their flag ship hurling downwards. Out gunned, and an easy mark for their speedy opponents, one by one they took the long last plunge into the icy bosom of the Polar Sea, which tossed hungrily below, until but six remained locked in a death grapple with the remains of the Whiteland fliers.

Half fainting from loss of blood, Grenville stuck to his controls, whilst under his guidance the crew worked to repair the forward guns. As if rising from

the debris of defeat, the "Revenge" surged forward as the last of Britain's fleet plunged downward. Her forward batteries again in action, she zoomed upward for a final effort.

Out of the whole Whiteland fleet that had deployed so proudly into line of battle, only ten fliers remained. These, like hungry wolves roared upward, and one more encompassed the "Revenge" with a circle of screaming steel. A hail of bombs struck her fore and aft, putting all her batteries out of action with the exception of a single gun. One bomb landed plumb in her middle, piercing the control room and filling it with flying splinters of steel. Grenville staggered back from the shattered switchboard, a great red wound gaping in his side. His glazing eyes noted that the main controlling dial was still intact. Dimly he could hear the hissing roar of the gathering flames that spelt the doom of his gallant ship.

Summoning his failing strength in a last tremendous effort, he noted the position of the Whiteland flagship, and, swinging the dial, set the "Revenge" straight for the main Whiteland flier. Swift as a bullet she flew, a blazing meteor of hissing flame. The Commander of the Whiteland realised his danger—too late! Even as his hand reached for the lever to divert his course away from the blazing wreck, the shock of collision flung him to the deck.

A terrific explosion rent the night sky as the "Revenge" struck her last blow. The flames played about the two fliers locked in the final death grip, then a sudden streak of fire shot downward as they took the last plunge down, even as the Canadian Fleet tore into action and scattered the remains of the Whiteland Fleet in a welter of bursting mines.

V.

The gray streaks of dawn filtered through the windows of the Government building in London as a group of tired, haggard-faced men rose from the great table in the Council Room. From the firing of the first shot they had watched every detail of the gallant fight of Britain's tiny aerial fleet against the overwhelming force of Boritaff's Whiteland fliers on the silver screen of the beam.

A long sigh escaped the white-haired President as the Canadian Fleet rushed across the screen like a host of avenging furies. One by one the members of the Administration relaxed in their chairs and stole covert glances at their neighbors.

The tinkle of a bell broke the tension, and all eyes turned to where the President had risen, a gleam of triumph glowing in his eyes.

"Victory"! The President's voice echoed like a trumpet through the room. "We have just witnessed the total defeat of the Whiteland fliers, who would have enforced Boritaff's threat to seize our radium mines at Nordusk. The radium is safe for Britain and the world. Once more our country has defeated the usurper, and I ask you to rise and place on record our achievement"! The President's chest

expanded as he glanced round at the murmurs of approval.

The gathered members of the Administration rose. Outside sounded the cheering of a vast multitude, which had gathered in the open space before the Government building.

"One moment." Jevons, Administrator of the Sixth Division, his craggy face more stony than ever, raised his hand. The President inclined his head.

"When Boritaff launched his ultimatum," went on Jevons, "our decision was not quite so unanimous as our present sense of elation. Not one voice, but several spoke, allowing Boritaff the use of the radium rather than fight. Those voices are silent now, and but for the bravery and devotion of a little band of fighting men those voices would again be raised, if, instead of victory, we had suffered defeat. This is not the only occasion on which the fighting men of our race have faced overwhelming odds and been victorious. We have achieved nothing, but the little band who took the air a few short hours ago carried on a tradition. It is for us to place on record that the tradition is not placed in jeopardy by the niggardly cheesepar- ing of the past. If any of you are interested in tradition, perhaps the names of Grenville and the "Revenge" may be familiar."

Jevons paused and looked round, a wry smile twisted the corners of his mouth. He looked at the President.

"I beg leave to withdraw. My Division is waiting for me."

The President bowed, an uneasy look in his tired eyes as he watched the ungainly figure of Jevons approach the great panelled doors, which slid aside and closed to as the Administrator of the Sixth Division, his mind groping in the mist of time, passed out of the Council Room.

The End



The patriotic float placed in the parade during the American Legion Convention at Rock Springs, which was built and decorated by the Rock Springs Store staff, captured first prize. It depicted the American Flag.

Our 1940 Flower and Garden Contest

*God—Thou hast made the world so beautiful,
A bower of green with roses gay abloom.
Then—though it were not yet enough to grow—
Gave them perfume.*

—Theodocia Pearce.

To the casual observer, upon viewing the beautiful floral and agricultural offerings in the yards of our employes in the various districts, one would hesitate to think there had been a shortage of moisture for several months past, and that, in some of the localities, employes had been restricted in the hours they could sprinkle. The efforts put forth in planting, sprinkling and nurturing have been rewarded with success in the finest display yet—no puny exhibit visible anywhere—a regular riot of colors—both floral and vegetables seem to have grown to the full—some even maturing much ahead of previous seasons.

As we scan the list of names, one naturally would draw the conclusion that only these people are com-

petent or sufficiently painstaking to produce flowers and garden stuff, as their names are shown in the cash awards year after year. And again, as has been mentioned in previous issues of this magazine, we would welcome other names to step in and partake of these cash prizes, rather than the field should be monopolized by the few. Let us express again the hope that more of our employes will take hold early next season and strive to make their place of habitation one worth while gazing at.

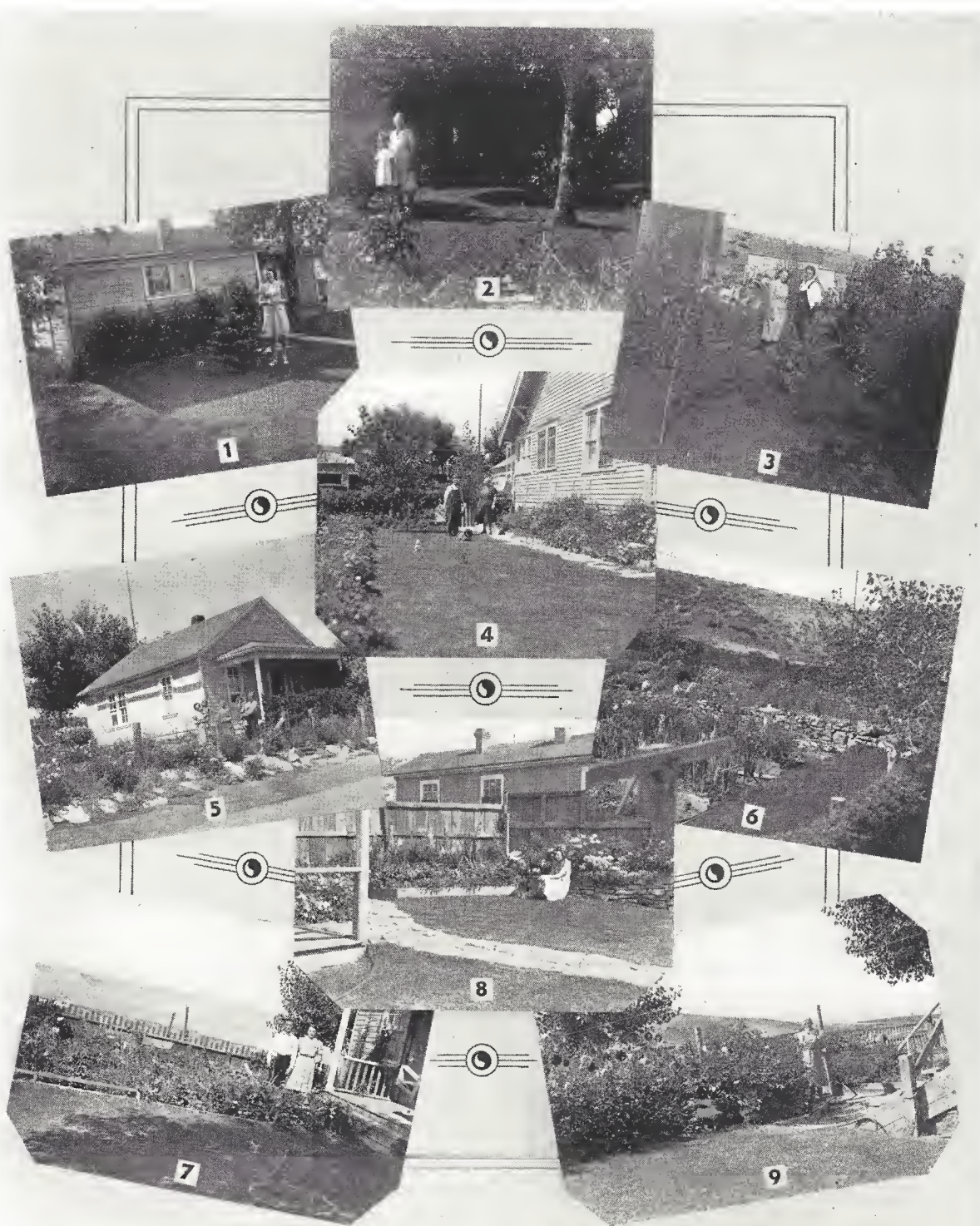
ROCK SPRINGS

FIRST PRIZE: Mrs. Anna Dolence—widow of a former mine employe, who died in 1927. She won third prize in 1933, 1934, 1935, and 1938, and is shown in the picture.



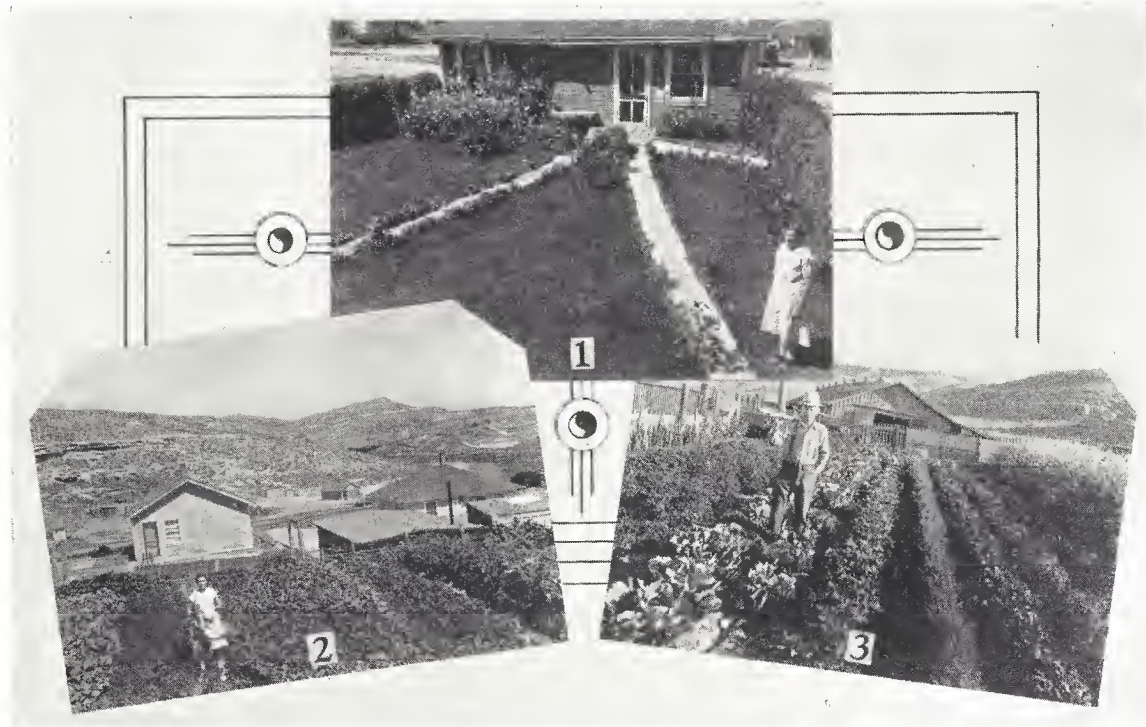
ROCK SPRINGS WINNERS

1. **FIRST PLACE**—Mrs. Anna Dolence. Mrs. Dolence shown in the picture.
2. **SECOND PLACE**—Evan Thomas. Mrs. Thomas shown in the picture.
3. **THIRD PLACE**—Mrs. Sarah Dolgas. Mrs. Dolgas shown in the picture.



HANNA, WINTON & RELIANCE WINNERS

1. FIRST PLACE, HANNA: *Hugh Brindley. Daughter Dorothy, shown in the picture.* 2. SECOND PLACE, HANNA: *Evan Jones. Mrs. Jones and daughter Jo Ann, shown in the picture.* 3. THIRD PLACE, HANNA: *Evor Aalto. Mr. and Mrs. Aalto shown in the picture.* 4. FIRST PLACE, WINTON: *Harry T. Lunn. Mr. and Mrs. Lunn shown in the picture.* 5. SECOND PLACE, WINTON: *Frank Franch. Mr. and Mrs. Franch with their two children and Mrs. Yager shown in the picture.* 6. THIRD PLACE, WINTON: *V. L. Brugneaux.* 7. FIRST PLACE, RELIANCE: *Otto Ruffini. Mr. and Mrs. Ruffini shown in the picture.* 8. SECOND PLACE, RELIANCE: *Alfred Richmond. Mrs. Richmond and small daughter shown in the picture.* 9. THIRD PLACE, RELIANCE: *Geo. Snyder. Mrs. Snyder shown in the picture.*



SUPERIOR WINNERS

1. FIRST PLACE—*Salma Walkama*. *Mrs. Walkama shown in the picture.*
2. SECOND PLACE—*Dan Gardner*. *Daughter, Betty, shown in the picture.*
3. THIRD PLACE—*R. D. Applegate*. *Mr. Applegate shown in the picture.*

SECOND PRIZE: Evan Thomas, Unit Foreman, No. 8 Mine, 20 years service, married man, no family. The lists of former years develop that he received first award in the years 1933 and 1937, second in 1936, and third in 1939. His wife stands in middle of picture.

THIRD PRIZE: Mrs. Sarah Dolgas, widow of Mike Dolgas, former employe, who died in 1930. She is some gardener, as may be witnessed from her winning first prize in 1933, 1936, and 1939, second in 1934, and third in 1937.

SUPERIOR

FIRST PRIZE: Salma Walkama, Blacksmith, "C" Tipple. Lives on "C" Hill, started to work for the Company in 1911, member of the Old Timers Association. Flowers and a lawn comprise his beauty spot. His wife appears in the picture.

SECOND PRIZE: Dan Gardner, Unit Foreman, "D" Mine, lives at "D" Camp. Has worked for the Company since 1921. A lawn and vegetables constitute his showing, and his charming daughter is in evidence in the picture.

THIRD PRIZE: Robert D. Applegate, Outside Stable Boss, been in the service since 1923, specializes in flowers and vegetables. Won third prize in 1935 and second in 1939.

HANNA

FIRST PRIZE: Mr. Hugh Brindley entered service of the Company at Hanna in December, 1910. Is a married man, family of two daughters (one teaching at Hanna and one attending school at Greeley, Colorado.) Is employed as Gas Watchman in Mine No. 4, and is a member of the Old Timers' Association. Won First in 1939 and second in 1935 and 1937.

SECOND PRIZE: Evan Jones, first employed at Carbon March 15, 1901. Is married, two daughters and two sons, all living at Hanna. Evan is a car repairer, and belongs to the Old Timers' Association. He got second prize in 1938.

THIRD PRIZE: Evor Aalto, started to work for the Company at Hanna in 1928. Is a married man and now employed as Driller in No. 4 Mine.

WINTON

FIRST PRIZE: Harry T. Lunn has been employed by The Union Pacific Coal Company for the past fifteen years, and has lived at Winton during that time. Mr. Lunn is married and has one daughter, Mrs. Mack Shaw, who also resides at Winton. Mr. and Mrs. Lunn are both ardent gardeners and always have a beautiful yard, having won prizes several times previous to this year. Neatness and order, plus a wide variety of beautiful flowers en-

closed in a protective hedge, gives one an idea of his yard.

SECOND PRIZE: Mr. Frank Franch, is a member of the old Timers' Association. He is married and has three children. Frank has been a consistent prize winner, having won first prize several times, and is rarely out of the prize money. Frank specializes in raising large and beautiful flowers in a great variety. Since the flower show started in Rock Springs, Frank's flowers have carried away many of the blue ribbons presented there. In addition to his beautiful garden, Frank has a fish pond and water lilies, which enhance the beauty of his yard.

THIRD PRIZE: Mr. V. L. Brugneaux has been employed by The Union Pacific Coal Company for the past eleven years at Winton, Wyoming. Mr. Brugneaux is married, no children in the family. His yard is only about three years old, but it took third prize money last year also, and is a continual threat to the higher prizes. Mr. Brugneaux also grows a large variety of beautiful flowers and in addition has a rock garden of no mean appearance.

RELIANCE

FIRST PRIZE: Otto Ruffini, House No. 116. Mr. Ruffini is employed as Night Watchman, and has been in service of the Company twenty-six years, and is a member of the Old Timers' Association. This is the first time he has been awarded a garden prize. Mr. and Mrs. Ruffini have three children, two boys still going to school and one daughter who has graduated from High School. Mr. and Mrs. Ruffini are shown in the picture.

SECOND PRIZE: Alfred Richmond, House No. 1. Mr. Richmond is employed as Main Slope rope rider in No. 4 Mine. He has been in the service of the Company six years and this is the first time he has been awarded a garden prize. Mrs. Richmond and their small daughter are shown in the picture.

THIRD PRIZE: George Snyder, House No. 43. He is employed as Faceman in No. 4 Mine, and has been in the service of the Company twenty-five years, being a member of the Old Timers' Association. Mr. Snyder has been awarded quite a few garden prizes, winning second in 1935, first in 1936, second in 1937 and 1938, and third in 1939. Mrs. Snyder is shown in the picture.

HYGEIA ADVISES HOW TO REMAIN COOL AND CALM IN HOT WEATHER

In suggesting how to keep cool, comfortable and calm in hot weather, HYGEIA, The Health Magazine for July advises in an editorial:

"Don't overwork, overplay or overeat. Avoid excess of alcoholic drinks. Wear light, loose clothing. If you can do so, take a nap or rest as much as possible during the day.

"Drink plenty of water or cold nonalcoholic drinks, if water is distasteful. Avoid fats and excess of sugars and starches. Eat plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits.

"Avoid overexposure to the direct rays of the sun. Gradual exposure, beginning with a few minutes the first day and working up to an hour after fourteen days, may not be harmful.

"Drink no water unless certain of the safety of its source. Avoid food that has not been properly refrigerated. Eat nothing of which there is the slightest suspicion that it may be spoiled.

"Don't get MAD; keep cool.

"The skin is probably the most important organ in the body in relationship to hot weather. Proper care of the skin involves frequent washing because the skin will accumulate dirt more rapidly in summer than in winter. Perspiration serves as a means of fixing dirt on the skin. You can aid evaporation of perspiration from the skin by wearing light clothing and by keeping the air in motion. Air that is in motion will cause fluid to evaporate more rapidly from the skin than air that is still.

"Most of the illness in summer nowadays is associated with excessive indulgence in food; carelessness about the freshness and sanitation of food, water and milk; and, finally, overdoing. The oldest proverb in hygiene is 'moderation in all things.' To this we add, '—especially in summer.'"

Our Liberty

Our liberties were not won for us the easy way, but were won by sweat and toil and sacrifice. The men who built this country were not working for a 30-hour week—they wished more for a 30-hour day that they might register a maximum of achievement in the building of their farms and industries.

And now, as we of today come to realize the need immediately before us of a national defense against dangers that face us on many sides—within and without—let us give gratitude to God for the blessings of the past—salute "Old Glory," and renew our pledge of loyalty and love.

"Your flag and my flag, and how it flies today—

In your land and my land, and half a world away.

Your flag and my flag, and oh, how much it holds—

Your land and my land secure within its folds.

Your heart and my heart beat quicker as we view—

Glorified all else beside—the red, and white, and blue."

Yes! Today we live in the "land of the free." It now becomes the individual responsibility of every man and woman among us to prove it also to be "the home of the brave."

In an Omaha third grade school this was found among essays: "February has many great birthdays. My dog's was on the 6th."

Coal Here, There, and Everywhere

THE bituminous-coal mines of Utah, during 1939, produced 3,340,000 tons representing a gain of 13.3 per cent over the year previous.

The total bituminous-coal output of the United States for 1939 was 393,065,000 tons, an increase over 1938 of 12.8 per cent.

The 1939 production of coal in France was 51 million tons, the consumption being 80 million tons. 5 million tons of the latter came from Belgian mines.

Germany produces within its own boundaries 2 million tons yearly of crude oil by the hydrogenation process.

The coal fields of Polish Upper Silesia, Czechoslovakia, Austria, the Netherlands, Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, and the Nord and Pas-de-Calais departments of France are now under the control of Germany.

In 1938, 567,000 tons of German coal were supplied to Greece, 332,000 tons to Portugal, 178,000 to Algeria, 303,000 to Egypt, 388,000 to Canada, 283,000 to Argentine and 680,000 to Brazil. German coke exported to some of these markets also reached a considerable tonnage.

Prof. R. S. Lewis, University of Utah, will speak at the American Mining Congress Convention at Colorado Springs September 16 to 19, his subject "New Developments and Equipment in Metal Mining."

That excellent institution, the West Virginia University, Morgantown, will soon have under construction a six-story building covering an area of 310 feet by 72 feet, the addition to be the most modern Mineral Industries Building extant. There will be housed in the structure not only the School of Mines, but also the Chemical Engineering, the Geological, and other departments. In its basement will be installed model mine entries for the study of ventilation, timbering, survey, and other underground mining work. A completely equipped rescue room and many other features will make the plant an outstanding one.

Coal production for the Union of South Africa during 1939 amounted to 21,524,890 tons. Cargo coal shipped was 1,162,797 tons.

J. G. Howard, a former coal mining engineer in South Africa, died at Ermelo on June 16th, age 86. During the South African War, he assisted Winston Churchill to escape, hiding him in the interior of the mine which he managed, and later smuggled him out over the Portuguese border in a truck loaded with bales of wool. He was the recipient in 1901

of a fine gold watch and a letter of thanks from Mr. Churchill.

There has just been completed at the University of Michigan field school in Hoback Canyon a building 28 x 40 feet with a large fire-place, fully equipped for entertainment and assembly of visiting geological classes. Professor Harry Boushard has had supervision of the school this season, and reports forty students have been in attendance. It will be recalled that some fifteen students from the School of Mines, Ishpeming, Michigan, spent two days in Rock Springs and vicinity visiting our mining properties the middle part of July.

Succeeding the late Chas. E. Bockus, Mr. Gilbert A. Reese was elected President of the Clinchfield Coal Corporation.

The press announces the retirement of J. D. A. Morrow, President of the Pittsburgh Coal Company.

Visiting coal men here during August were T. E. Jenkins and W. E. Russell, of Denver. They had important business with the finny tribe in the North.

The farmer's horse would start, go slowly, then stop. The farmer had trouble starting him again.

Traveler: "Is your horse sick?"

Farmer: "Not that I know of."

Traveler: "Is he balky?"

Farmer: "No, but he is so darned afraid I'll say 'whoa' and he won't hear me that he stops every once in a while to listen."

Our attention has been called to something which contains a practical philosophy that certainly should add to longevity.

People are dropping over from heart failure who should be good for many more years of life. We are wondering if it is not high tension that puts them out of business.

We read a story about a mistress who asked her colored washwoman how she kept young. Mammy was seventy but looked and acted like fifty.

"Well, I'll tell you, Missy—when I goes to work I works hard, when I sits down to rest I sits loose, and when I starts to worry I goes to sleep."

What gets men in their middle years is not work. It's high tension, worry, dissipation, and lack of sleep.

"With all due deference, my boy, I really think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello' as you do."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say: 'Are you there?'. Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use going on with the conversation."

Ye Old Timers

Death of E. G. Blacker



Edw. George Blacker

Edward George Blacker passed away in a Salt Lake City hospital on August 16th. Born at Mountain Ash, Wales, May 24, 1875, he came with his parents to the United States at an early age, his first work being at Almy, Wyoming, as a miner in November, 1885, under Reuben Fowkes,

Mine Foreman. He served as State Coal Mine Inspector from 1911 to 1918, and returned to the Coal Company at Cumberland, remaining there until that property was abandoned, thence being transferred to Superior. He carried certificates as Foreman, Gas Watchman and Shot Firer. He was appointed Mine Superintendent at Cumberland February 1, 1928, succeeding the late William McIntosh.

Services were held from the L.D.S. Church with burial in Mountain View cemetery afternoon of August 20th.

Surviving are the widow, two sons and three daughters.

Anton Zaversnik Passes On

Anton Zaversnik, born in Yugoslavia, January 8, 1880, died at the Wyoming General Hospital August 3rd, following a brief illness. He arrived in this country in 1906, stopping at Rock Springs, where he secured employment with our Company, at the time of his passing being a pit-car loaderman in No. 8 Mine here. Surviving are his widow, five sons and two daughters, also two brothers residing on the Pacific Coast. Funeral services were held at the North Side Catholic Church August 7th, Rev. Albin Gnidovec officiating, burial in St. Joseph's cemetery. He was a member of the Old Timers' Association, and was fraternally connected with several organizations. The sympathy of the community goes out to those afflicted.

Evelyn Worsley Appointed Hostess for United Air Lines

A native daughter of Hanna, Wyoming, Evelyn Worsley has been accepted for a position as Hostess on the United Air Lines, and will cover the route between Grand Island and Salt Lake City. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Worsley, her



Evelyn Worsley

father having been in our service at that point since 1914, and a member of the Old Timers' association. Evelyn was born at Hanna, graduated at its High School, and finished her nurse's training at the Presbyterian Hospital, Denver.

Alex Henetz, Sr., Married

Alex. Henetz, Sr., was married in Cheyenne July 26th to Nancy Satnick, of Denver, Justice of the Peace F. A. Stennett officiating. Alex is a member of our Old Timers' Association and is employed in the Rock Springs mines. Our congratulations are extended to the couple.

Jol.

A choleric old army Col.
Had many disorders intol.

He ignored them at first,
But one day he burst
And descended to regions infol.

Schools

ACCORDING to the School Census of April last, Sweetwater County has 5,552 children between the ages of 6 and 21.

Helen Crippen, who has been on the teaching staff of the High School at Hanna for the past three years, was recently married to James B. Fullman, at Denver. Their home will be at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Felicitations.

The University of Wyoming, at the Summer Commencement exercises held at Laramie, August 29th, presented degrees to the following students from this vicinity: Louis Gillum, Rock Springs, B. A.; Betty Lewis, Rock Springs, B. A.; Marie H. Long, Rock Springs, Normal Diploma; Jane Elias, Rock Springs, B. A.; Helen M. Dugas, Superior, B. A.

Golfers have been warned not to seek shelter under large trees during a lightning storm by Dr. Karl B. McEachron, head of the high-voltage engineering laboratory.

An open field is one of the safest places for a golfer to be, "but don't hold on to steel clubs during an electrical storm," Dr. McEachron advises.

In answer to the old belief that lightning never strikes in the same place twice, Dr. McEachron points out the studies being carried on by General Electric's high-voltage engineers. He reports that the Empire State Building in New York City is struck between 40 and 50 times yearly.

He gives some advice to the house-wife and suggests the following:

"Stay away from the piano. Do not take a bath or shower during a lightning storm. A needle will not attract lightning, but do not use an electric sewing machine during a storm."

In explaining some of lightning's pranks, Dr. McEachron said that there are two types of lightning, one which travels very fast and the other which is relatively slow.

The bolts which ignite fires are of the latter variety while the fast strokes splinter trees, tear apart homes and do more damage of this nature.

He cited an instance where a housewife had the materials for a fire lying in a stove, and lightning struck the home and started a fire in the stove. This type, according to the speaker, was of the slow travelling variety.

To swimmers Dr. McEachron says: "Stay out of the water during an electrical storm."

The new clerk hunted high and low for sweet potato seed a jokester had asked for until the boss put him wise and cautioned him against these smart-alecks. The very next customer was a woman who wanted birdseed.

"Aw go on, you can't kid me," grinned the clerk. "Birds is hatched from eggs."—*Capper's*

THE AMERICAN

Dan McGann and Uncle Sam

Said Dan McGann to a foreign man who worked at the self-same bench,

"Let me tell you this," and for emphasis, he flourished a Stilson wrench.

"Don't talk to me of this bourgeois, don't open your mouth to speak

Of your Socialists or your anarchists, don't mention the Bolsheevik,

For I've had enough of this foreign stuff, I'm sick as a man can be

Of the speech of hate, and I'm telling you straight that this is the land for me!

"If you want to brag, just take that flag an' boast of its field of blue,

An' praise the dead an' the blood they shed for the peace of the likes o' you.

I'll hear no more," and he waved once more his wrench in a forceful way,

"O' the cunning creed o' some Russian breed. I stand for the U. S. A.!

I'm done with your fads, and your wild eyed lads, don't flourish your rag o' red

Where I can see, or at night there'll be, tall candles around your bed."

"So tip your hat to a flag like that! Thank God for its stripes an' stars!

Thank God, you're here where the roads are clear, away from your kings and czars,

I can't just say what I feel today, for I'm not a talkin' man,

But first an' last I am standin' fast for all that's American.

So don't you speak of the bolsheevik, it's sick of that stuff I am,

One God, one flag is the creed I brag! I'm boostin' for Uncle Sam."

—Holyoke Transcript.

COULDN'T ECLIPSE HIM

A young man, undergoing an examination for a position, came across the question, "What is the distance of the earth from the sun?" He wrote his answer as follows: "I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get the clerkship."

ALL SET

"Jeannie, lassie," said an Aberdonian to his daughter, "I've just had a veesit frae Tammie, and I've consented to your marriage."

"Oh, but faither," she blurted out, "I dinna want to leave my mither."

"Hoots, lassie," was the reply, "Dinna let that trouble ye. Ye can tak her wi' ye."

Fred A. Wilhelm Dies

Fred A. Wilhelm (familiarly known as "Blutch") died in the Government hospital, Hot Springs, South Dakota, August 17th where he had been for a short time. Born February 19, 1890, at Los Angeles, his first employment with our Company was as a miner in September, 1907, at Rock Springs. He was away from our service upon several occasions but the record discloses he had been continuously employed since 1921. He was in France during the World War and put in several years at the front. Was a married man and those surviving are his widow and a son (Albert) now located in Montana. Was a member of local post of the American Legion. The funeral services were held at the L.D.S. Church Thursday, August 22nd, Bishop James officiating, interment in Mountain View cemetery.

"My Safety Program"

(A Pledge)

In the interest of my own safety and that of others, I promise myself, and my associates that:

I will work safely on each job on which I am employed.

I will help others to work safely, and will take an active part in the safety program of my employer.

I will observe safe practices in my home and will teach my family always to follow safe ways.

I will inspect my home for hazardous conditions and correct any that I may find.

I will drive carefully and will set an example of safe driving for others.

I will obey all traffic signs, signals and other traffic regulations as they come to my knowledge.

I will make sure that every member of my family who drives a car shall become a safe driver.

I will discuss safety matters—with my friends and neighbors.

I will encourage interest in accident prevention in organizations of which I am a member, and will try to influence each to engage in safety activities.

I will support, by my personal influence, all the safety work carried on in my community, this to include that undertaken by my employer.

These things I can do without great sacrifice, yet my contribution to my family, my friends, my community and my country, will be worthy of the respect of all.

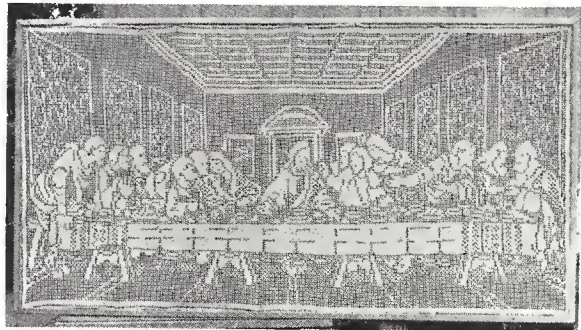
COLD LOGIC

"Whereever you go in the world," said Goldstein, "you will always find that the Jews are the leading people."

"Och, man," objected MacGregor, "hoo about the North Pole?"

"Vell," retorted Goldstein. "Iceberg ain't no Scots name."

Clever Crocheting



A piece of crocheting, cleverly executed, depicting "The Last Supper" is here shown. The work was done by Mrs. Frances Painovich, widow of the late Joseph Painovich, one of our employes, residing at 1223 Eleventh Street, Rock Springs. Several miles of thread were used and two months were required for completing the piece. Two sons of Mrs. Painovich are in the employ of the Company here—"Nick" in the lamp house, and Milan in No. 8 Mine.

HIGH QUALITY SLEEP

The popular mind has it that what is of major importance in sleeping is the number of hours spent in slumber. But there is an element of fallacy here, according to Dr. Weston A. Bousfield, of the University of Connecticut. Quality as well as quantity of sleep is important. If one gets from six to six and three quarter hours of high quality, deep sleep he will be in happier spirits the next day than if he had had eight or even eight and three-quarter hours of low quality, more or less restless sleep. A contented mind and physical well-being make for high quality sleep. Worry, upset stomach and so on, make for low quality slumber. The quality of sleep is important in producing that sense of well-being known to psychologists as "euphoria."

FOR ENGLISH READERS

Three slightly deaf men were motoring from the north to London in an old noisy car, and hearing was difficult. As they neared the city, one asked:

"Is this Wembly?"

"No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."

"So am I," put in the third. "Let's stop and have one."

YOUR SWEET CAN'T COOK AND HAVE "IT" TOO

Bill: "Is your married life a happy one?"

Jim: "Yes, I married the woman of my dreams. She is as beautiful to me as the day I met her. Her hands are always white and soft. Her hair is never untidy, and her dresses are always neat and clean."

Bill: "So you don't regret it?"

Jim: "No, but I'm getting pretty tired of eating in restaurants."

Of Interest to Women

Some Recipes

It is sometimes a little hard to find appetizing ways of using leftover lamb. Here is one way of using the leftovers that is sure to be popular.

BARBECUED LAMB HASH (Serves Six.)

- 3 cups diced cooked lamb
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated onion
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 2 cups barbecue sauce
- 3 cups diced cooked potatoes

Brown onion in fat and add diced lamb and brown lightly. Add barbecue sauce and simmer slowly for about five minutes. Add seasonings to taste, if necessary, and then add diced potatoes. Cook until thoroly heated and serve garnished with shredded green onions.

QUICK UNCOOKED BARBECUE SAUCE.

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups vinegar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 4 tablespoons prepared mustard
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chili sauce
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar

Combine ingredients and beat or shake vigorously.

BROILED HAM STEAK

- Ham steak 1 inch thick
- Green Apples

Wipe ham steak with damp cloth; place on pre-heated broiler rack about 4 inches below a full flame. Broil steak 12 minutes on one side; turn and broil 8 minutes on other side. Brush once or twice with fat that cooks out. Set aside to keep hot, and place $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch sliced green apples in skillet and saute in butter on both sides until brown. Serve around ham.

RAISIN SAUCE

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup raisins
 - 1 cup water
 - 4 or 5 cloves
 - $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
 - 1 teaspoon cornstarch
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 - Few grains pepper
 - 1 tablespoon butter
 - 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- Cover raisins with water, add cloves and simmer for 10 minutes. Add sugar, cornstarch, salt and

pepper, mixed together. Stir until slightly thickened and add remaining ingredients. Serve as accompaniment to ham steak.

ORANGE, ONION AND OLIVE SALAD

- Sliced oranges
- Thinly sliced onions
- Lettuce
- Small whole ripe olives
- Tart French dressing

Slice oranges and onions and serve with small whole ripe olives on lettuce with thin, tart French dressing.

RASPBERRY FLUFF

- 2 cups raspberries
- 16 marshmallows
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint (1 cup whipping cream)

Blend crushed ripe raspberries, the marshmallows cut in small pieces, and the whipped cream together carefully. Pile into sherbet glasses and serve very cold.

BROWN BETTY

Fill a greased casserole with layers of apples, sliced thin, then a layer of bread-crumbs, sprinkled thickly with sugar and dots of butter, and a thin sprinkling of cinnamon and nutmeg and about 3 tablespoons water. Bake until done, and serve hot, with whipped cream if possible.

Women's Activities

Mrs. Harold Ernsberger of Mansfield, O., has established a profitable business by waking people up by telephone in order that they get to work on time. Her clients, including factory workers, business men and mothers who must get children off to school, pay her 25 cents a week to rout them out at an early hour.

Mrs. C. J. Blackburn of Staunton, Va., sent the hair shed by her pet chow to a Canadian yarn concern. It was spun into wool, almost as fine as Angora. Mrs. Blackburn is proud of the sweater she knitted from it.

In Burma, the lot of the married woman is an extraordinary one. While her husband is not permitted by law to have more than one wife, he can have as many mistresses as he chooses—and they live in the same house with the lawful mate and are her servants.

The only ornaments worn by women of Kismu, Kenya colony, British east Africa, are tails of animal fur. These are regarded as the equivalent of wedding rings.

MRS. ABIGAIL FRANCES CHILTON is chief operator of the quotation department of the executive switchboard and the Clearing House switchboard of the New York Curb Exchange. She has thirty-eight girls under her.

MRS. HELEN RICHEY, OF MCKEESPORT, PA., has received the first instructor's license ever awarded a woman by the Civil Aeronautics Authority. She has more than 10,000 flying hours to her credit; established, with another woman flyer, an endurance record; and has been a co-pilot on a passenger and mail line.

DR. MAY CRAVATH WHARTON, founder and director of Uplands, Cumberland Mountain Hospital and Health Center at Pleasant Hill, Tennessee, has contributed her time, energy and funds to this activity for more than twenty years. The hospital has in this time grown from two beds to nearly fifty with a surgical annex.

Dr. Wharton used to travel on foot and on horseback to visit mountain people and treat them for their ills. These mountaineers now are among the most loyal of Americans, she says. There are still very few foreigners among them and no Negroes.

Household Hints

VERY dirty, dull sinks will yield before turpentine.

Keep the medicine used most frequently on the front of the shelves of the medicine cabinet and avoid noisy and irritating search when in a hurry.

Don't feel every minute must be filled with conversation when entertaining a houseguest. Give her a chance to relax, and enjoy a magazine or paper once in a while.

If you want to keep the light-colored yarn or Boucle clean while working upon it always wash your hands before you start to work, dry well and dust with white talcum powder.

Whipping cream mixed with softened cream cheese makes a de luxe topping for the open apple pie.

A thin slice of lemon served atop the cup of clear bouillon gives an interesting appearance and a tasty flavor.

A mushroom sauce atop almost any preparation of leftover meat is bound to give an interest and take away from that feeling of "just hash."

Make the fruit beverage and fruit cup a few hours before you intend serving them and you will find a mellow flavor that is a big improvement over

fruits and juices that are served as soon as assembled.

Parchment lamp shades may be cleaned by wiping them with a cloth moistened with olive oil.

Use vinegar for cleaning patent leather articles.

Rusted wire and iron bed springs can be restored with a coat of aluminum paint.

If the edge of a saucepan is well buttered, the contents will not boil over.

When separating the yolks from the whites of eggs, break them over a funnel. The whites will pass through, leaving the yolks in the funnel.

A few drops of maple flavoring give a new note to apple pie. Mix the flavoring right in with the sugar.

Fruits that sink in liquid gelatin desserts are: Canned apricots, canned cherries, canned pears, canned peaches, canned pineapple, canned prunes.

In the absence of ice, gelatin or pudding can be cooled by putting the dish containing it in a large kettle of cold water to which a handful of salt has been added.

To clean a straw hat, make a good lather and apply gently with a sponge or soft cloth. Rinse off with warm water and wipe as dry as possible. Lay the hat on a flat surface until perfectly dry.

The white coating which sometimes appears on cakes of chocolate is caused by keeping the cake in an over-warm place, where some of the fat melts and comes to the surface.

The Pantry Shelf

ONE WAY of making an extra room out of part of the dining or living room is by means of a flexible wooden screen which stands in a slightly curved line instead of having the usual angles. Contemporary style houses are now being equipped with sliding partitions or telescoping curtains, heavily interlined, which may be pulled across one end of the living room.

For the study or den which is destined to become a guest room when need arises the sofa which may become a bed is supplemented by a built-in dressing table, its function camouflaged in the daytime. Another adaptable piece of furniture is a desk by day; when the writing surface is lifted a completely stocked dressing table becomes available.

A favorite for the living room is the chair-bed, by day a good-looking upholstered chair with a comfortable ottoman, at night a bed long enough for even a tall person. One of the newest on the market has compact modern lines which make it harmonious with either period or contemporary furniture. It has long, broad arms and the low back which is now being favored for easy chairs. The generous-sized ottoman serves either as a footrest or an ottoman by the hearth.

It is fascinating to note how in the new decorative textiles the designers have interpreted old motifs, such as a fine renaissance pattern obviously suited to a dignified interior in a definitely new manner by use of new color combinations—say brownish red or tete-de-negre on cream.

A Chinese Chippendale damask, appropriate in its design for use with antique period furniture, becomes at the same time up to date when brought out in a new shade of soft yellow. Equally modern is a glazed chintz, its flower pattern reproduced from colonial design, but gaining all the advantage of modernity with its bright clear colors on a coffee brown or flesh-colored background.

Washable window shades that are absolutely opaque and daylight-proof yet made in light colors can be bought now for the first time. Previously opaque shades have only been available in black, blue or dark green, but these new ones can be had in maize or in offwhite. The shade cloth is finely woven and impregnated with a chemical substance that gives it resistance to dirt and the weather. It can be easily washed with soap and water.

Repair all faucet leaks promptly if you would maintain a stainless finish on bath tubs and sinks. Even such an impermeable substance as porcelain enamel (fused directly on steel) is not immune to the defacing yellow stain caused by constantly dripping water which contains a mineral deposit. If soap and water do not remove a stain already made, make a paste of powdered chalk and water and apply generously.

If a painted surface shows signs of "alligatoring" or checking, it is probably due to one of two causes: Either the undercoat was covered before it was quite dry or it was mixed with too much oil or an inferior grade of oil. To prevent such an occurrence use only the best quality paint and allow each coat time to dry completely before the next is applied. There is no remedy for extreme cases of alligatoring except to have a skilled painter burn off the impaired coating and repaint.

Sometimes it becomes necessary to paint glass windows, and this in itself requires some care. Never use anything but highgrade colors in oil reduced with a half mixture of turpentine and spar varnish until a brushing consistency is obtained, or ready mixed interior enamels. After this coating is dry go over the surface with a coating of spar varnish to protect it from the moisture that is likely to collect on window interiors.

LEFTOVERS

Crusty and brown, a meat pie comes to the table. When a knife goes into the flaky crust, steam and an aroma which is its own advertisement fill the

air. Meat pies are always received with acclaim and they allow the use of leftovers.

Fresh meat may be prepared particularly for use in making a meat pie, but generally leftovers from a roast with onions and other vegetables to give flavor to that good brown gravy which we use with beef and lamb are used. With veal and chicken you may prefer a creamy sauce to which mushrooms will give a special subtle flavor.

You may use a rich biscuit dough, or pastry, as you like. If the first is used, you will have only a top crust. For the second, you may, if you like, line a baking pan with pastry and bake it in a hot oven for a few minutes before adding the filling and the top crust. Of course, air holes must be cut in a top crust of this sort.

With leftover beef, there is of course nothing better than the addition of cooked sliced kidneys. A little sherry may be added to the gravy and you will have a marvelous beef and kidney pie.

The affinity of lemon for fish and shellfish is well known. Oysters or clams on the halfshell; seafood cock-tails of all kinds; baked, broiled or fried fish gain by the addition of lemon juice, which may be provided in decorative lemon wedges or quarters. Canned salmon, sardines or tuna should be garnished with greens and a generous supply of lemon quarters. Again—and this is a trick worth knowing—sprinkle a bit of lemon juice on canned salmon or tuna before creaming or scalloping.

Try adding lemon juice, grated lemon rind and sugar to applesauce and freezing mixture as a sherbet.

Lemon juice adds a tang to the morning glass of orange juice and gives keener flavor to such fruit cocktails as tomato, pineapple and prune juice. It does something, too, for stewed prunes, apricots, peaches, pears and apples, both dried and fresh. And believe it or not there's nothing like lemon juice to bring out the full flavor of melon or provide just the right dressing for avocado.

Spring lamb combines nicely with many accompanying flavors. Of course, mint is the classic. Currant, lemon and cranberry are also appropriate tart accompaniments. Here's a good trick for flavor supreme. Rub a leg of lamb lightly—ever so lightly—with a cut clove of garlic. It does something to it.

For a crunchy, delightfully new topper for puddings or pies, stick strips of Brazil nuts or almonds into meringue covered foods. Bake fifteen minutes in a slow oven. The toasted nuts do loads for the sweet.

(Please turn to page 404)

Our Young Women

Predictions for Fall Fashions

THE early Fall clothes taking their place in the stores are bound to find favor. They suggest the svelte figure so characteristic of the American woman. Waistlines are snugly trim and hips molded. The line from bosom to belt is long and graceful. The silhouette of dress or suit balances perfectly with that of the hat well poised on up-swept hair.

Fashion is looking to the front this season—backs are severely plain. Pockets are the order of the day. They may be flat and square, or pouched and rounded. Some jut away from the body like gathered peplums. Whatever their shape they never detract from the slimness of the silhouette, for they are so obviously superimposed on it.

Every dress has some special interest. It may lie in tucking or in the ingenious use of draping and folds. Plain flat crepes are enhanced by all-over tucking. On some frocks puff-tucking is used to obtain a soft, blistered effect in a desired pattern. Alix-inspired draping is introduced in many a frock to give it flexibility.

Happily for women, velvet has returned as a trimming—nothing else is so richly flattering. Sometimes just a touch of it appears in a narrow belt and collar and cuffs; again, the revers of a jacket will be made of it; we've seen it used to make the bodice front or pockets and collar on a plain crepe frock.

The first woolen ensembles are very exciting. While they conform to a conventional tailor-made silhouette, they are carried out with unusual femininity of detail. Illustrating this point is one of cobweb-gray wool on which the customary jacket revers are replaced by flowers of the wool. Their corded stems form the edging on the jacket fronts. This is just one version of the flower rever; this reporter has seen a similar motif executed in velvet and in heavy wool yarn.

Embroidery offers another way of decorating a costume jacket. For everyday town wear the embroidery is worked in wool that exactly matches the fabric of the ensemble. At the neckline of the frock there is a narrow band of the same pattern to complete the theme, writes Virginia Pope in *The New York Times*.

This observer especially likes the costumes, suits, dresses and dress-and-suit ensembles in which boucle wool and a smooth sheer one, dyed an identical color are combined. The boucle is used to make the front of a jacket and a vest-like top or panel front of a dress. The contrasting fabric texture is very smart.

COLOR FEAST SET FOR FALL

A feast of lovely colors is to be found in the new crepes and woolens; their rich and mellow tones will blend well with the Autumn mood.

Black supplies the dark accent. A large proportion of the crepe dresses are black and with them bright reds, of the kind associated with the tropics, are frequently used for dramatic contrast. This combination has appeared in practically every collection seen so far.

These vivid reds are liked for entire dresses; not a few are shown under black woolen coats. Red is the only color that stands out with smashing vibrance. All of the others that promise to be winners are more subdued.

A color that attracts attention is brass—a rich, somewhat darker-than-dull-gold shade. The copper tones are good, too. At one end of the brown range are the tawny tones, at the other are dark ones that travel under such descriptive names as Aztec, Peruvian and Inca.

Grays are yielding to a modulated shade that verges on Taupe—“cobweb” more nearly conveys the general character of the newly launched tone. The blues are slightly cloudy; they have the look of a warm Autumn sky. Some have a cool slatelike finish.

Lining up with the favorites are the greens. The lighter ones approach the gray-green of tree-moss; they are attractive in sheer woolens. The luscious shadowy color of a ripe olive is achieved by the darkest greens.

—N. Y. Times.

Here is a formula for a preservative for silk stockings. Said to make them last longer, wear better, and not water spot.

Aluminum sulphate, 2 teaspoonfuls; water, 1/2 pint. Wash them in tepid water with good soap, and rinse well. Then immerse for 30 minutes in the aluminum sulphate solution and dry at room temperature.

Summer's coiffure is controlled at the nape of the neck if not upswept. A trick adopted by many women is to cross short, perfectly permanent waved-hair in back and finish it with a single full curl or in a twist by secured pins, combs or velvet bow knot. But don't forget that your hair won't yield to this style or any other if your permanent is in a bad way.

You'll be cooler day and night if your hair is dressed back from your forehead. The pompadour is one solution and the “squared” coiffure another.

The latter is simple enough . . . have your hair parted in the center and each side combed back with the ends twisted into little horns. The effect is reminiscent of Pan, god of the shepherds.

With your hair intact rather than completely sheared, and the moon instead of the sun to think about, you can let it down in back for evening. Have it interesting, tho.

Try it arranged off the ears or nearly so for a cool look. It may be rolled on each side of the head, left smooth in the center back and coaxed into two soft curls.

When you have a dress that has become a little too tight, dampen it and roll tightly for a couple of hours. Then press, bearing heavily on the iron crosswise, where you want to get more fullness. In this way one can increase fullness across bust or hips as much as two inches.

The Personal Touch

ONE doesn't have to have an ocean to be a bathing beauty. The demon tubber always looks as fresh as a daisy. Nothing like the good old scrubbing to give color to the complexion advises a well known beauty expert. The skin is an important organ of elimination. Soap and water and a heavy brush keep it active.

It is supposed that the daily bath has become an institution, but dress fitters say they don't believe it. The deadly "B O" is still insulting the public nose. Cleanliness is not only a health law, but it is the first law of beauty and several more besides.

NEW CELLS ARE FORMING

The human hide is always on the go. New cells are forming, old cells are shedding. The old cells, if permitted to remain on the surface of the skin, give off an offensive odor, especially if they are filmed with salty chemicals exuded by sweat glands.

Bathing with plenty of elbow grease removes cutaneous debris, hustles up the blood streams, gives softness and smoothness to the epidermal coat.

COLD BATHS ARE REFRESHING

Cold baths are refreshing, but not cleansing. A cold shower should follow the soapy cleansing, tho not for long unless there is a quick reaction.

Alternating hot and cold showers are recommended for the busy lady who chases around all day and expects to fare forth for the merry evening. They pick her up, put her on her toes and touch her cheeks with pink carnation bloom.

Girl Scout Notes

Sixteen Girl Scouts from Winton, accompanied by their leaders, Mrs. R. S. Wilson and Mrs. T. H.

Dodds, returned July 27th from a ten-days visit at the Episcopal Church camp, Granite Hot Springs. The Senior Girl Scout First Aid team, which won the event at the Old Timers' Building on June 14th, put on a demonstration for their benefit.

Don't be afraid you are extravagant when you fill your refrigerator with ice. It is economy to keep the ice chest full, for when the ice gets low and the refrigerator warm, it not only impairs the food but it takes twice as much ice to get it cold again.

The American housewife is obliged to do an unbelievable amount of walking about the house each day in pursuit of her household duties. She walks thirty feet each minute of the day—in her home.

NOTHIN' FOR NOBODY

There was a knock at the kitchen door. When Mrs. Smith opened it, there stood a lanky youth, black as the ace of spades.

"Good mawnin', ma'am," he said, "I is lookin' fo' somebody that wants somebody to do sump'n. You all doan know nobody that wants to hiah nobody to do nothin, does you?"

GOD'S CRUCIBLE

Someone has said that America is God's crucible where all the races of Europe are melting and reforming.

In Pennsylvania a Worsted Mill Manufacturer decided to find out how many nationalities participated in the making of our United States Flag produced in his factory. He found that the various operations were handled by the following:

Sorted by an American,
Carded by an Italian,
Spun by a Swede,
Warped by a German,
Drawn by a Scotchman,
Woven by a Belgian,
Inspected by a Frenchman,
Scoured by an Albanian,
Dyed by a Turk,
Pressed by a Polander,
Examined by an Irishman.

TRAVEL COMMANDMENTS

1. Read up before you go.
2. Avoid the rush season.
3. Take more money than you need.
4. Travel light.
5. Beware of "bargains".
6. Use your head about eating and drinking.
7. If in trouble, ask a travel agent.
8. Take pains to be courteous.
9. Keep close to your passport.
10. Keep your sunny side up.

Our Little Folks

THESE MAY ALL BE TRUE
Some of the Statements, However
Pull Heavily on Credulity

Floating around on paper
Adorned with printer's ink,
We find a lot of little things,
Which make us stop and think.

That if an express train had started from the earth for the planet Neptune at the birth of Christ, traveling 60 miles per hour, day and night ever since, it would not be half way there.

Of course it wouldn't, our traffic manager tells us in his best railroad vernacular, and adds: "That's buncombe. No section gang could have kept ahead of the train to lay the rails and how could a train run without roadbed and rails?" That settles it.

Hypothetically, theoretically or suppositiously the above may be worthy of consideration of Einstein and his play-fellows, but it's "nertz" to those who deal in facts. However, before recovery from the shock we hand you this one somewhat similar:

Prof.: "Arithmetic is a science of truth. Figures can't lie. For instance, if one man can build a house in twelve days, twelve men can build it in one."

Student: "Oh yeah! Then 288 will build it in one hour, 17,280 in one minute and 1,036,800 in one second. And I don't believe they could lay one brick in that time! Again, if one ship can cross the Atlantic in six days, six ships can cross it in one day. Or is that arithmetic?"

—Mueller Record.

SPEED

Research has revealed the following interesting information regarding various rates of speed:

A snail crawls at the rate of about 12 feet, or 1/400 mile per hour.

A tortoise travels about 2/5 miles per hour.

A man swims 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 miles per hour, and walks from 4 to 9 miles per hour. He skates 25 miles per hour.

A jack rabbit runs 18 miles per hour.

A fish swims 15 to 35 miles per hour.

A greyhound runs 35 miles per hour.

A thoroughbred horse runs 38 miles per hour.

TIRED FINGERS

A mother's love and work is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age; and he is still but a

child, however time may have furrowed his cheek or silvered his brow, who can yet recall with a softened heart the fond devotion, or the gentle chidings, of the best friend that God ever gives us.—Bovee.

Tired fingers so worn, so white,
Sewing and mending from morn 'til night.
Tired hands and eyes that blink,
Drooping head, too tired to think.

Tired arms that once had pressed
A curly head to a mother's breast.
Tired voice so soft, so dear
Saying "Sleep well, darling, mother's near."

Tired fingers so worn, so true,
Sewing and mending the whole day through.
From break of dawn 'til setting sun,
"A Mother's Work Is Never Done."

—Anon.

A man has \$1.15 in change in his pocket. He does not have a one-dollar bill or a silver dollar, and cannot change a dollar, a half dollar, a quarter, a dime, or a nickle.

What pieces of money does he have?

(Answer on following page.)

A BONE TO PICK

The bones in the body
Are two hundred and more,
But for sorting out people
We need only four:

Wishbones

They hope for, they long for,
They wish for, and sigh;
They want things to come,
But aren't willing to try.

Funny-Bones

They laugh, grin and giggle,
And twinkle the eye;
If work is a joke, sure,
They'll give it a try.

Jawbones

They scold, jaw, and splutter;
They froth, rave, and cry;
They're endless on talk,
But they're short on the try.

Backbones

They strike from the shoulder,
They never say die;
They're winners in life,
For they know how to try.

INTELLECTUAL GIANTS OF ANTIQUITY

Behold the mighty dinosaur,
 Famous in prehistoric lore,
 Not only for his weight and strength
 But for his intellectual length.
 You will observe by these remains
 The creature had two sets of brains;
 One in his head, the usual place,
 The other at his spinal base.
 Thus he could reason a priori,
 As well as posteriori;
 No problem bothered him a bit,
 He made both head and tail of it.
 So wise he was, so wise and solemn,
 Each thought filled just a spinal column;
 If one brain found the pressure strong,
 It passed a few ideas along.
 If something slipped his forward mind,
 It was rescued by the one behind;
 And if in error he was caught,
 He had a saving afterthought.
 As he thought twice before he spoke,
 He had no judgments to revoke;
 And he could think without congestion
 Upon both sides of any question.
 O gaze upon this model beast—
 Defunct ten million years at least.

Answer: A half-dollar, a quarter, and four dimes.

News About All of Us

Rock Springs

John Yenke is confined to his home with illness.
 Dwight Jones and family have returned from a visit with relatives in Soda Springs, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. James Partington are spending a vacation in the Yellowstone National Park.

Albin Fabreque and family have returned from a visit with relatives in Casper and Lander.

Herman Dozier has been called to Missouri by the serious illness of his father.

Matt Perkovich is a medical patient at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Alvie Blakely has returned from Oakland, California, and is again employed in No. 8 Mine.

Clarence Johnson and family have returned from a week's visit with Mr. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Johnson, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

James Pryde is in Soda Springs, Idaho, where he is receiving medical treatment.

Carl Peternell, of No. 4 Mine, has gone to Laramie to take advanced pilot civil training at the flying school.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Menghini have returned from a vacation spent in the Yellowstone National Park.

Steve Liska is confined to his home with illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Deneley, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Deneley, Jr., have returned from an automobile trip to Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crofts visited with relatives in Trinidad, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. William Matthew, Jr., have returned from

a visit with relatives in Fullerton, Nebraska.

Nick Perkovich has returned from Salt Lake City, Utah, where he received medical treatment.

John Retford has returned from a vacation spent in Denver and other points in Colorado.

Anton Ferdani is building a new home in the Pryde Addition.

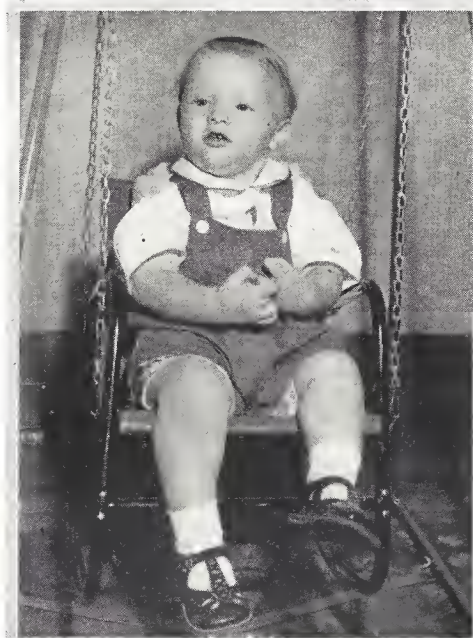
Mrs. Frank Graber is a medical patient at a Rochester, Minnesota, hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McMillan and children have gone to Oakland, California, where they expect to locate.

George Parr and family are visiting with relatives in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lenzotti have gone to Denver, Colorado, where they expect to locate.

Ransom Blakely and family, of Los Angeles, California, are visiting with Mr. Blakely's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Blakely.



Richard Axel Overy, age 1 year. Born Rock Springs, August 5, 1939, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Overy, Jr., Unit Foreman, Rock Springs No. 8 Mine. Youngest grandson of Axel Johnson, old-time Rock Springs resident and blacksmith of No. 4 and 8 Mines, also the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Overy, Sr., Mine Foreman of No. 4 Mine. He has a brother, Donald Overy, who will attend Rock Springs Junior High this year. Young Richard recently celebrated his first birthday.

Reliance

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnson and son have returned home after vacationing in California.

Mrs. Sept. Reay was a patient in the Wyoming General Hospital in Rock Springs.

Dr. and Mrs. E. N. McDowell and Wanda May Wisthafer, of Denver, Colorado, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ellis.

Jack, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Bacskay, recently underwent an appendectomy at the Wyoming General Hospital at Rock Springs.

Mrs. E. Wilcox has returned to her home here after a pleasant vacation in Arizona.

Mr. H. M. McComas is a patient in the Wyoming General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Presley and son, of Evanston, visited recently at the James Kelley and William Sellers homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dupont have had as their house guests Mrs. Dupont's parents and sister, Miss Ruby Littrell, of New Mexico.

Miss Iva Mae Simms has been vacationing with her parents here and will leave shortly to resume her duties as a nurse at the St. Joseph's Hospital in Denver, Colorado.

Miss Ellen Canestrini is vacationing in Idaho.

Superior

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Mullens and daughter, Patricia, of Casper, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Hotchkiss.

Mrs. Russell Prosser, of Ottumwa, Iowa, has been visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cottrell.

Mr. and Mrs. George Holt, of Storm Lake, Iowa, visited during the month at the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Magee.

Dorothy Jo Dozah, of Sheridan, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Jablin.

Miss Margaret Ruth Richardson, who has been attending summer school at Laramie, returned home for the balance of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Ahlstrom are the parents of a daughter born July 20th at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Mrs. Annie Hunter has returned to her home in Kemmerer after visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Faddis for a short period.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adams are the parents of a son born at the Wyoming General Hospital on July 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Obie Powell and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ferrell were recent week-end visitors in Salt Lake City.

Danny Dolenc and Ernest Galassi, who have joined the Navy, have gone to San Diego, California.

Harold Buffo has been visiting relatives and friends in Superior after attending school in Pittsburg, Kansas, for the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Legerski, Jr., have gone to Billings,



The infant industry of Superior is showing appreciable results. We show the twins of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Robinson (Sandra Joy on the left, Ernest Jay on right). Our informant tells us they are ten months old.

Montana, where they expect to make their home.

Miss Catherine Moser, of Casper, is visiting relatives and friends in Superior.

Frank Genetti, Jr., has returned from Washington, where he has spent the past two months.

Mrs. Alice Hudson is visiting relatives in Rawlins.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Zanoni have moved to Rock Springs to make their home.

Winton

Mrs. William Hapgood, of Hanna, Wyoming, spent a week-end visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Lowe.

Fearn Robinson and Mrs. Quinn left Winton for their home in Denver following a two weeks visit with relatives.

Joan Marinoff, of Pinedale, spent a few days visiting at the home of her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Rollins are the proud parents of a son born at the Hospital in Rock Springs August 10, 1940.

Mr. James Henderson visited in Salt Lake City over a week-end. Mrs. Henderson and children returned to Winton with him, having spent the past two weeks in Salt Lake City.

Mr. James Warinner has returned from his vacation. He spent a few days fishing in the Jackson Hole country and then went to Denver, Colorado, where he watched several baseball games.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Royce, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, visited with friends in Winton.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Edwards, Jr., and children visited with relatives in Kemmerer, Wyoming, on August 11, 1940.

On Monday, August 5, 1940, little Miss Nancy Lee Friel entertained a number of youngsters in her home, the occasion being her birthday. Games were played and prizes won by Sonny Toucher and Sharon McTee. A lovely lunch was served and Nancy was presented with many gifts.

Mike Brack, Jr., who is at the C. C. camp at Saratoga, spent a week-end visiting with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bennett and daughter, Dovey, are in Denver, Colorado, where Dovey is receiving medical treatment.

Mrs. Victor Bonatt, of Anaheim, California, is visiting at the home of her father, Mr. William Kinyon.

Bill Harris, of Louisville, Colorado, visited with his brother, Tom, and uncle, Mike Pecolar.



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Rock Springs

Hanna

Mrs. Ila Koskell, of Maynard, Massachusetts, visited here with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Klemola. They all motored to Kenilworth, Utah, where they visited with their sister, Esther Klemola.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Mellor are the proud parents of a baby girl born at the Hanna Hospital on July 13th.

The Hanna Band played in the parade July 24th at the Frontier celebration in Cheyenne, and were invited to stay over for the 25th, also. They took a trip to Yellowstone Park late in August, where they gave a number of concerts.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Milliken are the proud parents of a son born at the Hanna Hospital on July 31st.

The Methodist Vacation Bible School closed with a tea and program at the church. About fifty children attended the school.

Rev. Q. Sommerfeld, Bernard Lucas, and Don Ainsworth returned from a vacation spent at Sleepyeye, Minnesota. On their trip they stopped at Boys Town, near Omaha.

Mrs. Anna Dickinson and Mrs. Bell Reel, Lloyd Reel, Janice Lee, and Joe McAllister motored to Mindon Mines, Missouri, during vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lee, their daughter, Beth, and son, Joe, and Mrs. Reel and son, Lloyd, motored to Salt Lake and Denver for a vacation the latter part of July.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Sharrer returned from a trip to Michigan, where they visited their son, Jack, who is attending the School of Mines at Houghton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wright and granddaughters, Beverly and Marjorie Wright, motored to Greeley recently and visited Mr. and Mrs. Huston and family.

Robert Crombie, of Denver, visited here with his mother, Mrs. Mary Crombie, for a few weeks.

Mrs. John Crombie and daughter, Ladella, returned from Salt Lake, where Ladella attended lip-reading school for six weeks.

Mrs. Ed. Flannery and Mrs. Rudolph Anderson, of Tacoma, Washington, visited here with relatives, being guests of their sister, Mrs. Abe Warburton.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Buehler and daughter, Margaret, vacationed in Rocky Mountain National Park and visited with Mr. and Mrs. Alex Clark in Pueblo, Colorado.

W. A. Raite, Mrs. Frank Amos, and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Leader spent their vacation in Colorado, visiting the Rocky Mountain National Park.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bullock and son, Bill, spent a vacation in Los Angeles and at the San Francisco Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mellor and son, Joe, motored through the Yellowstone Park during vacation.

Rev. Robert Murray, Louis Tavelli, Miss Anna Tavelli, and Patricia and Ruth Eberharter visited here with the Tavellis enroute from Washington State.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony D'Orozio and son, of Rochester, New York, visited here with Mrs. D'Orozio's mother, Mrs. Bisignano.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Norris and daughter, Mabel, and son, Robert, motored to Washington State and Oregon during vacation.

A Father-and-Daughter banquet was held at the Community Hall on August 9th, sponsored by the Hanna Bethel of Job's Daughters.

Mrs. M. Klaseen, Misses Anna and Edna Klaseen, and

Albin Klaseen motored to Wheatland, Douglas and Casper, on August 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Smith and family returned from visiting relatives in Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Morgan are the proud parents of a son born at the Hanna Hospital on August 6th.

During the recent vacation period, Charles Mellor, Joseph Mellor, and Joe Angwin motored to Jackson and Yellowstone Park. To show their prowess as fishermen, they have submitted the photo presented herewith, the catch having been made at Jackson Lake.



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IT'S exasperating to return from a shopping or bill paying trip and find that your expenditures don't tally with your remaining cash. Someone may have given you too little change, or you might have lost the money. The chances are you'll never know *what* happened.

A checking account will end this risk. Each check is for the exact amount—no change. You eliminate the danger of losing cash. Checks, you'll find, are very efficient financial servants.

Rock Springs National Bank

"Known for Its Strength"

ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.



It provides proper voltage to serve your lights and Appliances

It saves Electricity that is lost in heat by using wire too small for the load carried.

Many new houses are obsolete when they are built due to insufficient number of circuits and wiring which is inadequate to meet the demands of the modern home.

Is Your Wiring Adequate?



SOUTHERN WYOMING UTILITIES COMPANY

Phone 901

Rock Springs, Wyoming



While paying our bill for a night's lodging in the King Edward Hotel at Toronto last month, we found there in the capacity of Credit Manager Mr. "Jack" Dewar, a brother of Mr. J. R. Dewar of the General Office at Rock Springs. "Jack" seemed to know quite a lot about the Coal Company and is quite the same kindly gentleman that "J. R." is.

Dorothy Timko, Stenographer in the General Offices, has returned from ten days spent roving around Illinois, Iowa, South Dakota, etc., and reports extremely hot weather.

Harold Savage and his wife and son, of Los Angeles, were visitors late in July. Both "Mr. and Mrs." at one time were employes in the General Offices. They tried to contact many old friends and acquaintances, but the time simply would not permit of remaining longer.

James Brown, Tax Department, Headquarters, Omaha, was a caller late in July.

Anna Miller (Electric Store) and sister, Helen (local Mine Office), spent their vacation in Yellowstone Park and the North country. Mildred Martin officiated in the Electric Store during the absence of the first named.

The Thomas A. Marshall family (Manager of the local Store here) left early in August for a vacation heading Nevada-ward.

Thomas Cook (Manager Sunlight Bakery and Store at Rock Springs) and family left August 6th upon their annual vacation.

Dr. K. E. Krueger is building a fine home and garage in the southwest portion of the city. In excavating for a rock foundation (in accordance with advices contained in the good book) his contractors had to dig through about eleven feet of coal. Many of the friends of the family learned of the situation and pestered them with telephone calls inquiring where their tipple would be erected, had they arranged for necessary machinery, was the job of Foreman yet filled, etc.

THOSE BUSINESS SCHOOL GRADUATES!!

"Now that you have become a member of our stenographic department, I hope that you understand the importance of punctuation?"

"Oh yes indeed! I always get to work on time."

Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame trembled as I looked in her eyes. Her body shook with intensity as our lips met, and I could feel my chest heaving, my chin vibrating and my body shuddering as I held her to me.

The moral of this story is: Never kiss them in a Lizzy with the motor going.

The New 1940 DODGE
with 119½ inch wheel base
is now on display



Big -- Rugged -- Dependable

McCurtain Motor Co.
Phone 601 Rock Springs

Telephone 111 **THUMS** 447 No. Front St.

Choicest Chocolate Candies
WHITMAN'S or SAYLOR'S
PUREST SWEET-CREAM ICE CREAM

Everything in School Supplies

THE NEW 1940 Buick
and **G. M. C. TRUCK**

NOW ON DISPLAY

Vicars Motor Co.
Phone 207-W Rock Springs

**NORTH SIDE
STATE BANK**

"The Peoples Bank"



**GENERAL BANKING
INSURANCE
FOREIGN EXCHANGE
STEAMSHIP AGENCY
TRUSTS**

First Security Bank

OF ROCK SPRINGS



Rock Springs, Wyoming

CARLSON'S DRY CLEANING

The only cleaning and pressing establishment that burns coal.

CLEANING AND PRESSING OF FINE CLOTHES SOLICITED

Our Prices are Right!

Phone 158

Rock Springs

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**The New Fords
Mercurys
Lincoln-Zephyrs**

IT'S FORDS FOR 1940

See them at the
CRIPPA MOTOR CO.

GRAND CAFE

Opposite U. P. Depot

Where Particular People Dine

Rock Springs' Oldest Cafe With
Latest Improvements

Steaks Our Specialty

We also operate the
PLAYMORE NITE CLUB CAFE

Plumbing and Heating
Contractors

Dealers in Plumbing
Supplies

**Rock Springs Plumbing
Company**

A. W. NISBET, Proprietor

324 Grant Street

Phone 160

ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.



SKY CHIEF

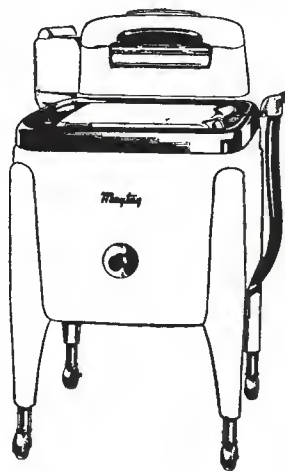
Gasoline



*For Those Who
Want The Best*

APPLAUSE

The new Maytag Washers are getting more compliments every day. Everywhere you hear these remarks "the most eye-appealing, quality washer at a fair price, wonderful combination that cuts service expense, Maytag has washing features that really clean clothes."



Ask for a free demonstration of this great washer, before you buy. We will make you a liberal trade-in allowance on your old washer.



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Where Your Dollar is a Big Boy All the Time

ROCK SPRINGS

RELIANCE

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